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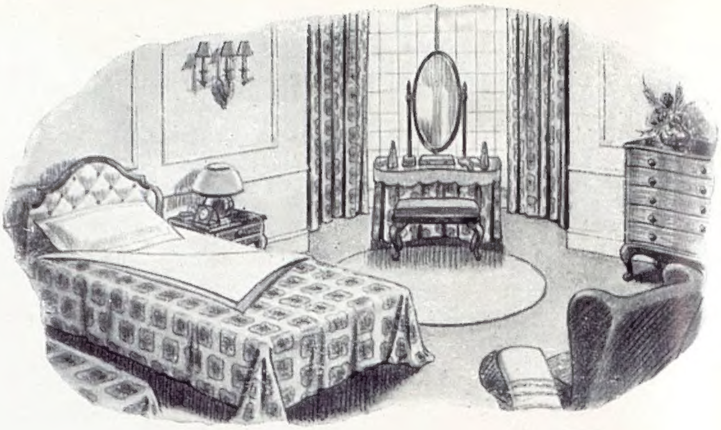

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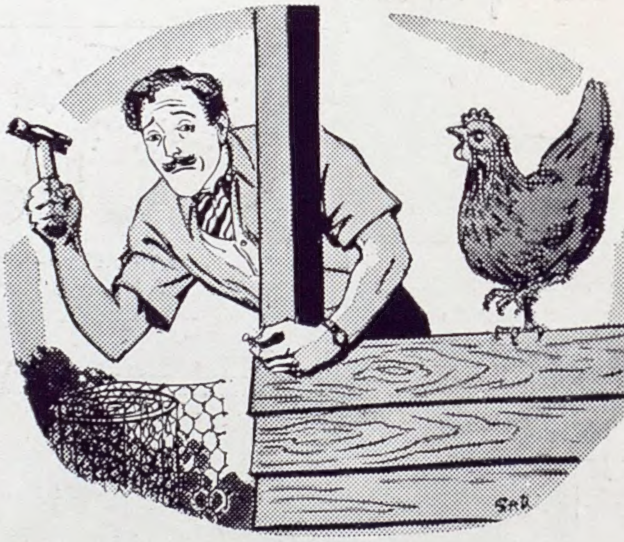

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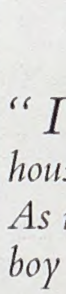

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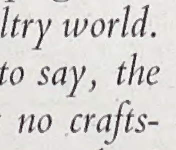

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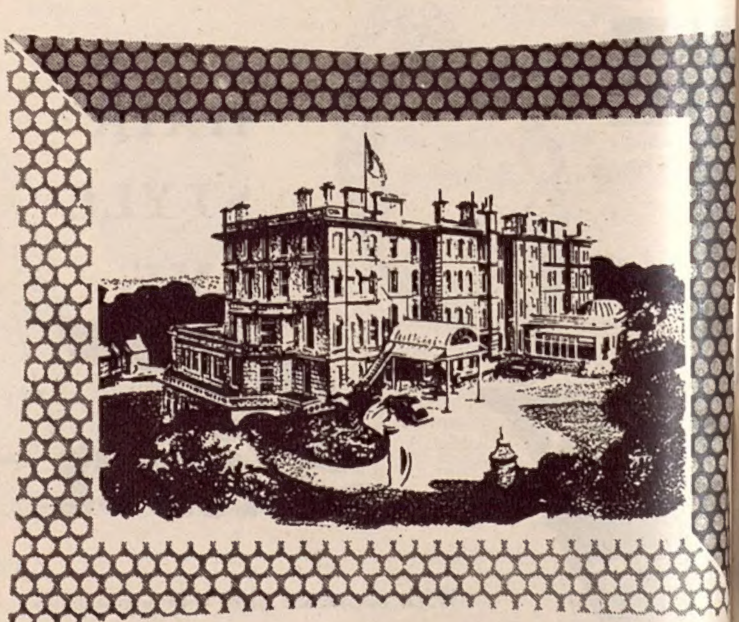

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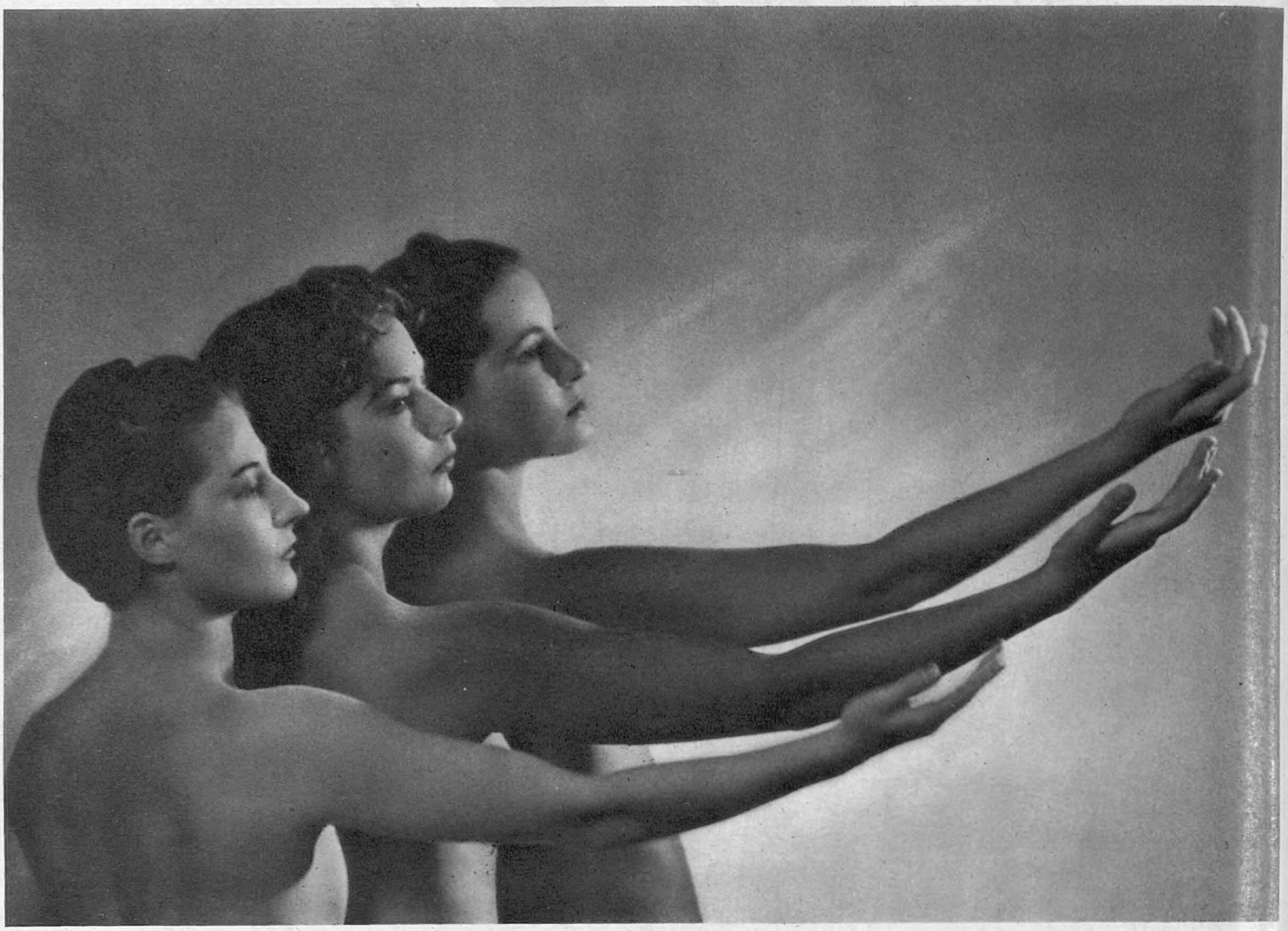
★ **Write for illustrated Brochure to W. Hepburn, General Manager**

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1952

IS THERE A CRITIC IN THE HOUSE?

If there is he had better be careful : cats dislike criticism and our challenging compère is about to clear the field for his contemporaries who are on show on pages 136-137. Is there an audience in the house ? Of course : cats always have a public—in fact two publics : one accords them an affection verging on the reverent ; the other regards them with fascinated aversion.



TRIO—BY DONALD S. HERBERT.

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

THE recent crop of stories about the Prime Minister's occasional forgetfulness even of some of his closest associates should not be taken as any indication of the diminution of the powers of that great man. The Service Minister who had been married for seventeen years, who was congratulated by the P.M. on his recent wedding, mistaking him for another member of the administration—and the Minister in the House of Lords who, having known him all his life, was a little surprised, after he had been speaking to Winston for some time, to hear the P.M. say of him before he was out of earshot: "And who is that queer customer?"—were both highly amused.

Failure to recognise individuals has often been a hall-mark of the truly great, and has been a characteristic of Mr. Churchill's for many years. The great Lord Salisbury—probably, with Canning and Castlereagh, one of the greatest Foreign Secretaries we have ever had—habitually failed to recognise his own children. He is always believed to have averted war with France at one moment of Anglo-French tension by placing the virtual ultimatum presented by the French Ambassador in the tail pocket of his frock-coat, and thereafter losing it for six weeks—during which time tempers cooled and the critical tension diminished.

The late Sir Stephen Gaselee, whose remarkable and original sartorial appearance and admirable taste in food, in wine, and the classics, for so long adorned the Foreign Office, once told me a delightful story of the Secretary of State being invited to a pre-view of a portrait of King Edward, which was to be unveiled the following day. The curtain was drawn aside. Lord Salisbury stared at it with blank incomprehension. After an interval, a happy smile of recognition lit up his features. "Ah, yes. Of course, of course," he said. "Poor dear Buller."!

Lord Salisbury's greatness became something of a legend on the Continent. I remember at the time of the Abyssinian crisis that one French paper wrote that in the days of Britain's greatness the whole affair would have been settled "*avec un week-end manqué pour Lord Salisbury*"—in which it was wrong. In those more spacious days crises very properly had to go into cold storage about 4.30 on Friday, and could not be resumed until Tuesday or Wednesday at the earliest.

I think I am right in saying, too, that the stirring little Portuguese national anthem, with its refrain "As armas! as armas!" and its references to "heroes of land and sea," had the somewhat unorthodox origin of being a cabaret song satirising the pusillanimous acceptance by the Portuguese Government of the day of an ultimatum by Lord Salisbury!

LISTENING for a while to the debate on the Gold Coast in the House of Lords, I wonder what Sir Ernest Gowers, that excellent hammer of the Whitehall jargoneers, has to say over the use of that ridiculous word (coined, I believe, by the Colonial Office), and which was used often in the debate by Noble Lords—

"expatriate." An "expatriate" is apparently any British Civil Servant or business man who happens to work on the Gold Coast. My view, which is, I see, supported by the major dictionaries, is that there ain't no such word—at least, as a noun. It is a transitive verb, and I hold that if you wish to use it in the Colonial Office sense, the nearest you can come to it is "expatriated officer" or "an expatriated British subject." The latter, however, would reveal the whole thing in its full absurdity. What a position we have come to when a great Department of State has to coin a verbal abomination of this sort to cover British Civil Servants and British business men in a British Colony!

In this connection I understand that the low whirring sound which has been puzzling visitors to Westminster Abbey has been traced to Lord Palmerston's grave, and is caused by the author of the phrase "*civis Britannicus sum*," having heard its latest Colonial Office version: "*civis expatriatus sum*," revolving in it!

The use of high-sounding euphemisms for simple things (as "rodent operative" for "rat catcher") is not confined to Whitehall, though one Minister told me recently that his Civil Servants solemnly wished him to stand up in the House of Commons and say that the time spent on such and such an operation would be equal to "800 body equivalents." A van is in the habit of parking in my square which bears on it the legend "The Expedite Boot and Shoe Renovator Co. Ltd." This should give the prigs—who are always trying to rewrite our nursery rhymes, on the grounds that a poem such as "Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well," is cruel—the opportunity of bringing "Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe" into line with the best modern thought. I see now that it obviously should read: "Boot and shoe renovator, Boot and shoe renovator, expedite overhauls to my footwear."

I WONDER what would have happened to King Farouk if some of our diplomatic representatives in Cairo immediately before and during the war had been less elderly and less stuffy? As a young man the King was pro-British, and it would be interesting to know what would have happened had he been subjected to fewer "naughty little boy" lectures, and been treated with the same camaraderie with which, for example, Mr. Robin Hankey and Mr. Michael Creswell in turn treated the Shah of Persia. Robin Hankey used to take the Shah out ski-ing and riding, and became a close friend—so much so that Mossadeq would not agree to his coming back to Persia as our representative. The only time that British relations with King Farouk were really good during the war was after a crack British regiment had invited him to their guest night, where he thoroughly enjoyed himself. The Shah, of course, is now entirely isolated and powerless. When history comes to be written it may well be seen that we lost our influence in Egypt through misplaced pomposity, and in Persia over ill-timed spinelessness. A pity.

THIS season has been remarkable for a number of unusually delightful occasions, but I can recall few as pleasant as the dance given by Lady Kemsley and Lady Hélène Berry at Dropmore. The eighteenth-century house and grounds lend themselves, of course, for an occasion of this sort, but the skill with which they were flood-lit was truly remarkable. A few parties of this sort stand out in a lifetime's memories, and the Dropmore dance will certainly be one.

Dropmore, of course, though much smaller, has a close connection with Stowe, for the Grenvilles who became Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, and the Grenvilles who own Dropmore were closely related, and at one time "owned" between them about half the Cabinet and a third of the House of Commons. Many years ago I remember going to the Buckingham County Ball held at Stowe (which by then had become a school). The great eighteenth-century house provided a perfect setting.

Incidentally, I have never seen Stowe looking more beautiful by daylight than it did on the school's recent Speech Day. What a long way it has come since those early days in 1923 when an army of workmen were still transforming the vast house, and when masters and boys alike had to wear printed labels bearing their names in their lapels! In those early days there was a tentative school song which was replaced a few years later by the present one. I was reminded of this when dining with Dr. Arthur Bryant recently. That famous historian was a neighbour of Stowe, over at East Claydon, and produced for my delight the school song which he and the late Alfred Chenhalls composed, which was wholly delightful but far too ribald for reproduction here.

School songs, with the possible exception of the remarkably fine collection of Harrow school songs, so beloved of the Prime Minister, do not perhaps constitute an art form of which we as a nation can be proud. Mr. John Betjeman's admirable parody in English and Latin (I can only recall the last two lines of the latter:

"Alma mater, da da da!
Schola sit perpetua")

can easily be equalled for banality by many genuine school songs. My late wife's school had a splendid version in the best Angela Brazil tradition. It ran, if I remember rightly, something like this:

"We'll honour yet the school we knew
The best school of all.
We'll honour yet the rule we knew
'Till the Last Bell call.
For working days and holidays
For gay and melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best school of all."

Talking of Angela Brazil, my favourite authoress ("Let's have a midnight picnic," cried Monica, the merry little Fifth Form madcap. "Ooh, do let's" shrilled the Twins, always ready for anything), I never expected to hear, outside her delightful pages, the captain of a women's cricket team, when leading her side out to field, exclaim, as one did recently: "Come on now, girls. Let's jolly well show them!"

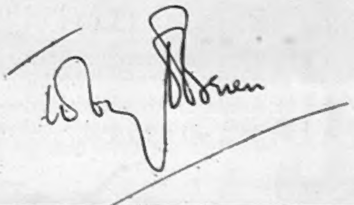
MY recent notes on epitaphs have brought me an amusing letter from Dr. J. E. Stephens, who quite rightly points out that, to be pedantic, they should be called "obituary" or "in memoriam" notices, as "epitaph" literally means "on the tomb." He adds to my collection the epitaph in an Irish churchyard which runs: "Here lies John Jones, Dentist. He is filling his last cavity." The "in memoriam" notices in the provincial Press, to which I earlier referred, also prompt him to quote one from a Liverpool paper, which provided for its bereaved readers a standard "in memoriam" rhyme which had the merit of infinite adaptability. "We who loved him/her only know, how much we lost 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 20, etc., years ago."

Incidentally, the classic rhyme:

"The trumpet sounded
St. Peter said 'Come.'
The gates flew open
And in walked—Mum!"

which I quoted recently, was, I am informed by several readers, incomplete. That is to say, the additional lines are as follows:

"Too soon, too soon this lovely flower was snatched
And the tears flowed thick and fast in our semi-detached"!



"Why, Henry; What's got into you?"

Characters from several centuries hang, painted, on the walls, their own pleasures only to be guessed at from their faces, while 400 of our contemporaries enjoy themselves in their own fashion. The Cowdray coat-of-arms is on the left.

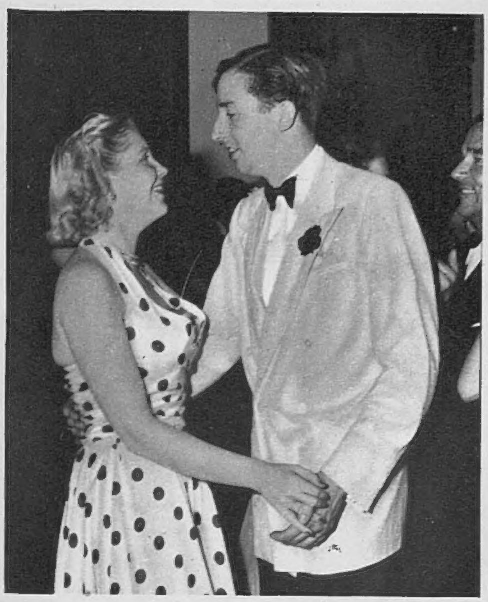
From Cowdray Park

The strenuous polo playing chaps and their friends relaxed for a grand evening out at Cowdray House, Viscount Cowdray's home at Midhurst, which he generously opened for the Cowdray Polo Club ball, on July 25. Imitation waves were whipped up in the aquamarine-blue swimming-pool by an up-to-date wind machine ; boating was possible for those who fancied it in

Drinks ahoy for Miss Shelagh Ross-Skinner (*left*) and Miss Sheila Denson. Mr. Brian Critchley supplies them with champagne as they rest gracefully in the little boat on the swimming pool.

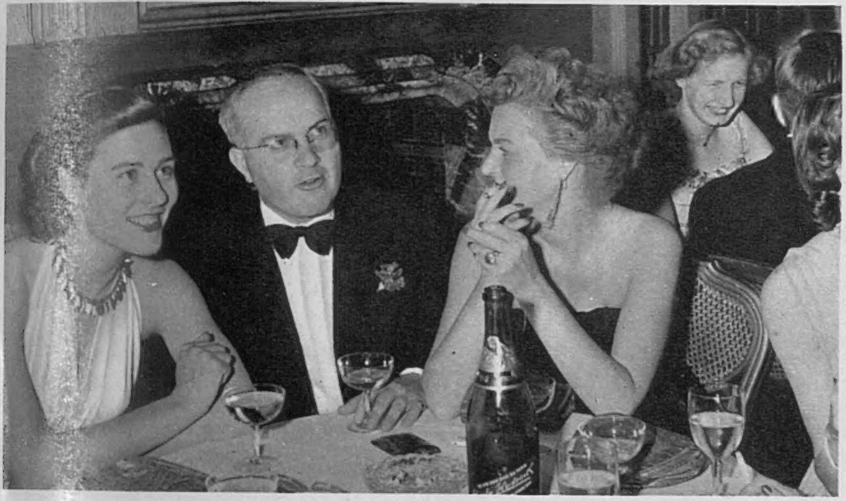
There was plenty of space for the many guests at the dance, both indoors and out. Here are Colonel Sydney Kennedy and Miss Judy Hawker in the supper room.

Miss Susan Vian, who is the elder daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip Vian, sitting out on an elaborate sofa with Mr. David Haig.



Miss Sharman Douglas, who returned here recently, with Mr. Billy Wallace, who is in all the glory of white Tuxedo and red carnation.

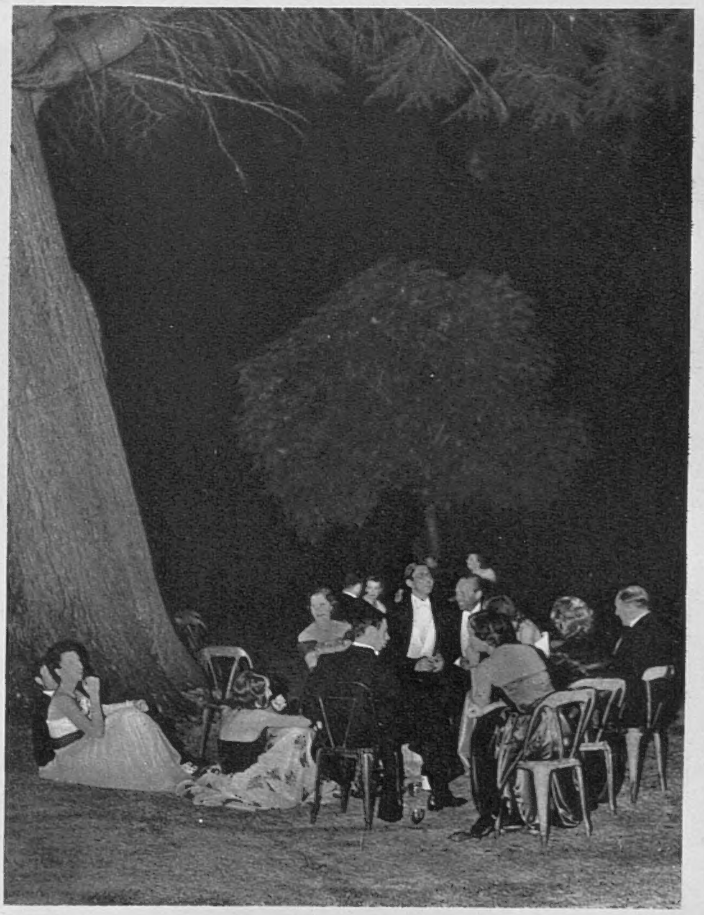
No more exciting dates at dawn for this pair of ancient duelling pistols being merrily examined by Miss Sheila Waldock and Mrs. de Lacy Bacon.



With Heidsieck in the foreground ; *l. to r.*, Miss Anne Jackson, and Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Ison of California. The very high forehead fashionable in Tudor days presided behind them in a portrait on the wall.

to Cowdray House

a nice little craft tied up near the diving-board (off which no one sprang) ; soft lighting enhanced the long stone façade of the house, and 400 people danced until 4 a.m. The dear old Charleston continued to enjoy its revival ; there were two sessions of Scottish reels ; as well as the more exotic Latin-American dances ; and even Dixieland found several devotees.



Hurrah for the wide open spaces and a really summery night. Guests huddle in a circle like a band in the glare of artificial light, their glasses tottering between their feet.

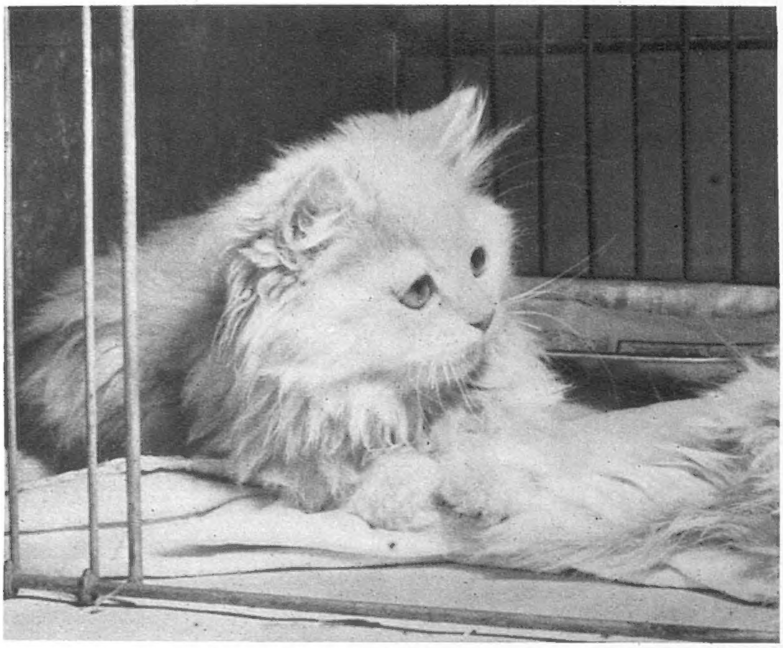
People are always attracted to a fireplace, even when it isn't functioning ; here are Miss Garland Wells, who had a petit-point bag, and Mr. Frank James.

L. to r., with the Heidsieck on the table, Mr. H. Jones, Miss J. Garry, Mr. G. Woodger, Miss B. Jones, Mrs. D. Murray and Mr. T. Murray ; the night entices through the window behind them.

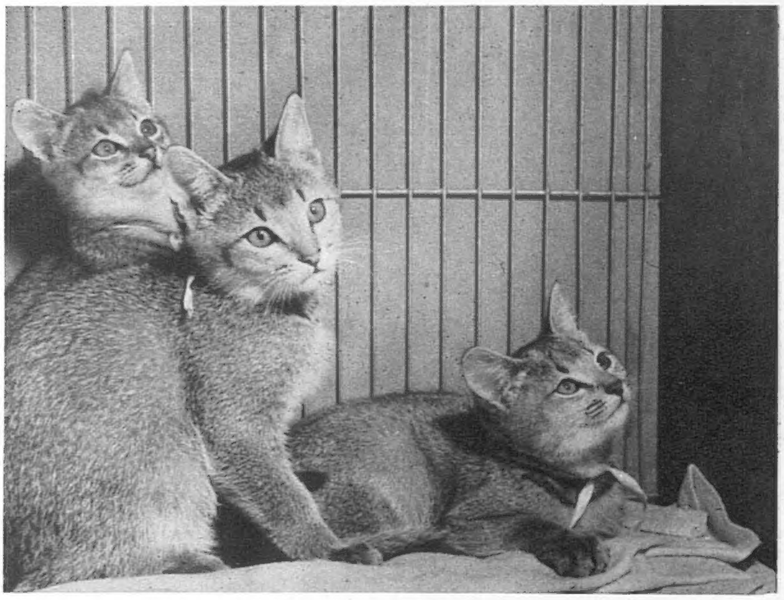
TIBBY ON A STRING . . .

. . . And what the other cats thought of him we've managed to show in these pictures taken at the recent "Festival of Cats," organised by the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club. The Deportment Test for cats on leads was developed from the flat-dwellers' method of exercising their pets.

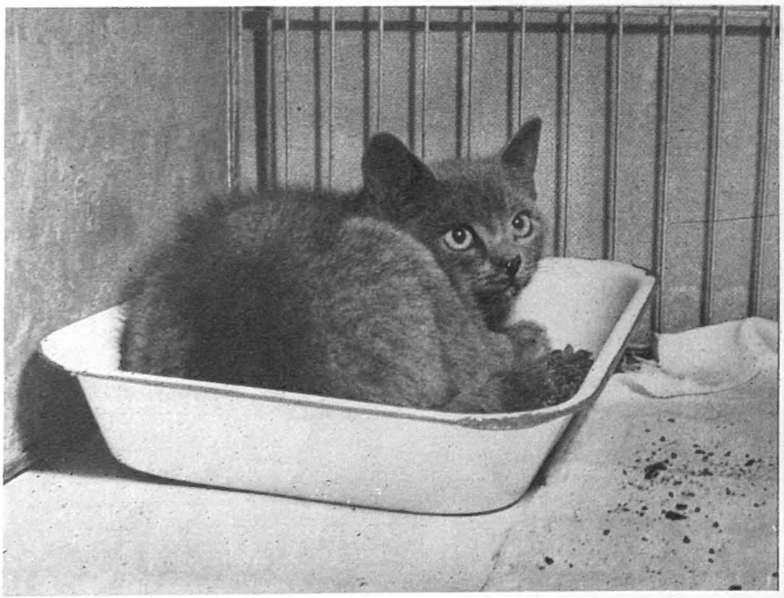
By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.



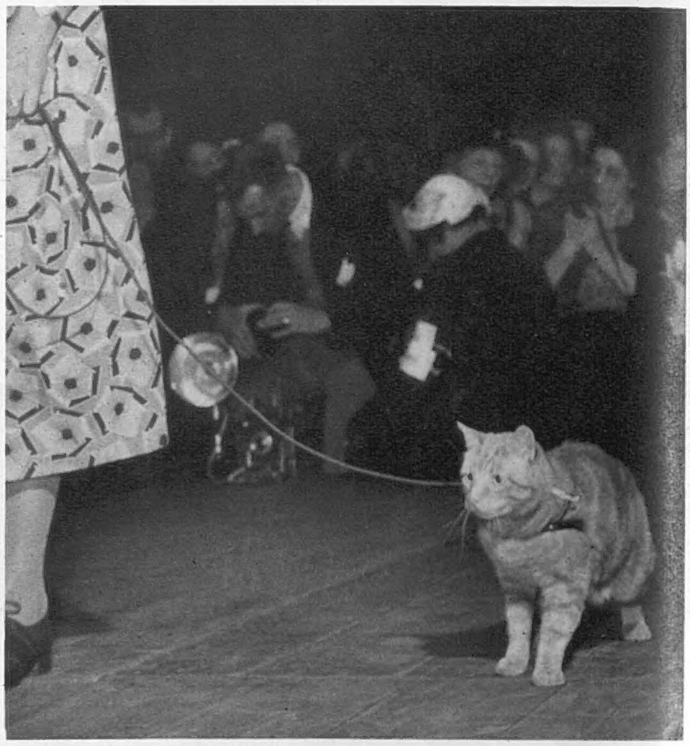
THE DÉBUTANTE : Definitely *not* a person I should care to be introduced to.

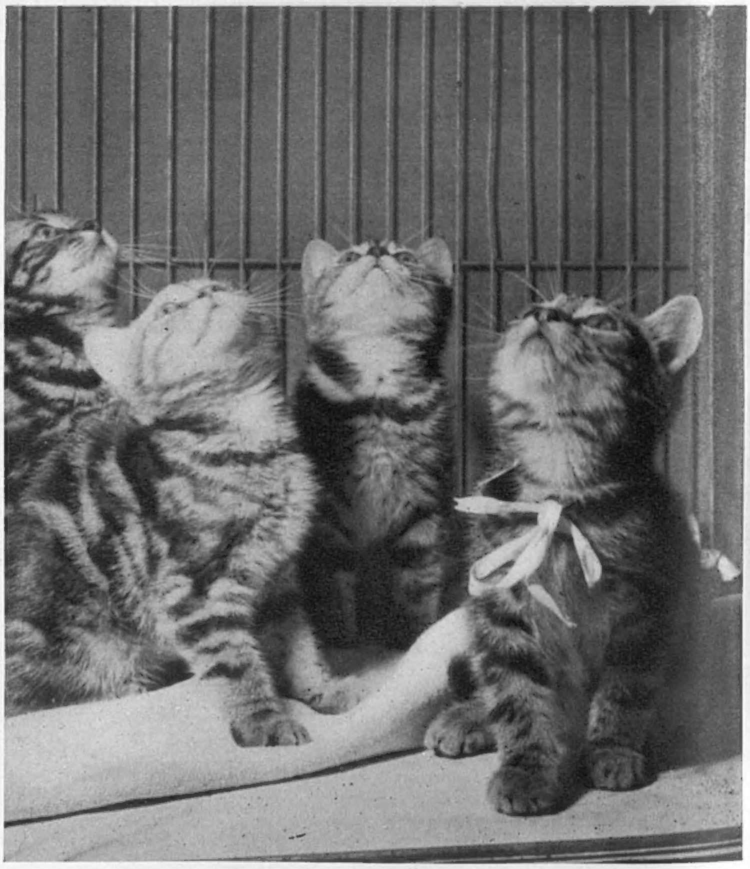


THE VICTORIANS : Mother never told us anything like *that*.



THE TEENAGER : I don't mind being unconventional, but there *are* limits.

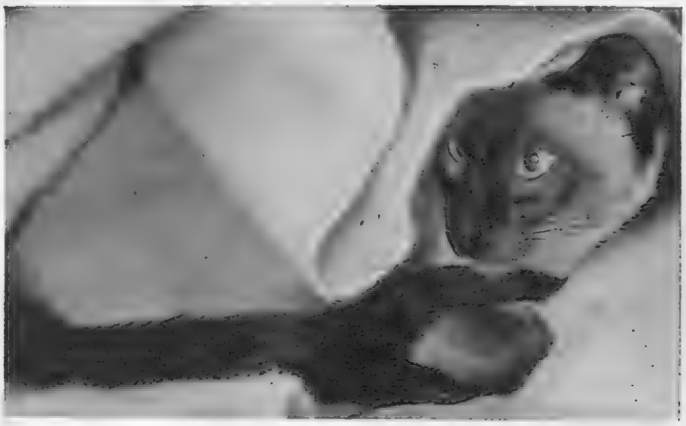




THE TODDLERS : Someone should mark it X ; we're far too young to see.

THE ORIENTALS : Never mind, dear ; it 's a purely Western custom.

THE CLUB BORE : It couldn't have happened before '03.



THE DEFEATIST : I suppose it 's my turn next.

THE ARCH-REVOLUTIONIST : I 'd lynch him if I could have my way.

THE STOIC : Don't worry, darling ; it may never happen to us.

Photographed specially for "THE SKETCH" by Bassano.

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

The Viscountess Errington, who is married to the Earl of Cromer's only son, was the Hon. Esmé Harmsworth before her marriage, and is the second daughter of Viscount Rothermere. She has three children; the Hon. Lana Baring, born in 1943; the Hon. Evelyn Baring, who was six in June, and the Hon. Vivian Baring, aged two.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JULY 23.—Creeping to its end, the season is taking more and more to the country ; the dance given for Miss Mary Anne Berry, daughter of Mr. Lionel and Lady Hélène Berry, was at Lord Kemsley's house, Dropmore, in Bucks.

There were two floors for dancing, one in the library and one out in the garden, and there were grown-ups as well as débutantes, including the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Mr. and Mrs. Randal Plunkett, who brought her daughter Miss Victoria de Rutzen ; Lady Bridget Clark, Lord and Lady Minto's daughter ; Miss Davina and Mr. David Metcalfe, daughter and son of Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe ; Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson and her daughter, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers ; Major and Mrs. Ian Farquhar, and lots and lots of Kemsley and Camrose Berrys.

JULY 26.—Parties went from far and wide to the dance given by Mrs. Baker Wilbraham and her husband for the 21st birthday of their daughter, Letitia, at Rode Hall, in Cheshire.

Although the Midland night was rather cold, lots of people braved the garden, where there was a marquee for supper, and large house-parties were brought from all over Cheshire and the adjoining counties.

From Shropshire came Lord and Lady Forester with a party for their débutante daughter, Juliet ; from Staffordshire the lately married Lord and Lady Stafford ; also, from Ingestre, nearly 30 miles away, the young people of Lord and Lady Shrewsbury's house-party, which included Miss Venetia Heber-Percy, Lady Shrewsbury's niece ; Miss Louise de Chimay, daughter of Prince and Princess Alphonse de Chimay ; Lord Morris's daughter, Miss Aislinn Morris ; Miss Susan Senior, whose mother, Mrs. Ronald Senior, gave a dance for her this summer ; Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia, and Mr. Richard Hill.

JULY 29.—By canoe through the rivers of Denmark, passing and pausing at places with fantastic names meaning enchanting things —like Himmelbjerget (Sky Mountain) and Odense, which was Hans Andersen's birthplace : these are the treats in store for the party of schoolboys, plus a few girls, whom Mr. Viggo Lunsgaard, encountered to-day, is conducting to his native Denmark in August, starting next Tuesday, the 19th.

Mr. Lunsgaard was a captain in the Danish Resistance during the war and has fascinating stories to tell of the goings on : " sticks " dropped by the Allies, not of bombs, but of containers crammed with all kinds of ammunition.

From this international liaison arose the idea of World Friends, started by the late Jan Masaryk, which is organising the canoeing party and is always busy on things of the same kind which involve exchanges between eleven nations and result in better understanding between Europeans.

JULY 23.—DEAUVILLE. French and British M.P.s and their admirers were entertained at a gala in Deauville. M. Boussac, famous race-horse owner, and his wife are seen arriving for the festivities.

JULY 25. — THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE. Lady Antonia Crichton and Count Alessandra di Valmarana arriving at the coming-out party given for Miss Miranda Mott.

JULY 25. — DUCAL HORSEWOMEN. The Duchess of Norfolk with her eldest daughter, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, at Royal Windsor Horse Show. Lady Anne's classy pony is called *Quiet Lady*.

JULY 25.—REGAL MOMENT. The Queen presented rosettes to the women who had competed (unsuccessfully) against men in a jumping competition at the Royal Windsor Horse Show.

JULY 25.—THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND DAME FELICITY. The former Dame Felicity Hanbury and her husband, Mr. Harald Peake, gave a post-wedding party at Claridge's.

JULY 25.—LONG RETINUE. Mr. Anthony O. B. Riviere, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Riviere, of Salhouse, Norfolk, married Miss Ann Dalrymple Byam Shaw at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square. The bride is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Cdr. David Byam Shaw.

JULY 26.—ROYAL COMMANDANT. Princess Margaret, as Commandant-in-Chief St. John Ambulance Brigade, went to Worcester for an enrolment ceremony and a rally of St. John Cadets at the Worcester race-course. Behind is the cadet recruiting poster and its artist, Miss Anna Zinkeisen.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JULY 30.—Queen Caroline's Ride comes charging straight at the West Front of beautiful White Lodge, in Richmond Park, and one likes to picture distracted Caroline of Brunswick bearing down on a furious Regent in his hideout, though perhaps it was merely a favourite canter for the wife of George II. It is certainly true that this exquisite Royal residence had a gay reputation in the days of the first wicked old Four Georges, described so splendidly by Thackeray, and now that Colonel and Mrs. Reynolds Veitch live there, entertaining is on a Royal scale: marquees on the smoothly shaved lawn, one for guests and one for a scarlet-coated band of the host's late regiment, the Grenadier Guards, which played some stern dirges at an excellent party.

Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander were the first guests encountered at the East Front, where flowering magnolia trees bowed to the smooth, white, Georgian sweep of the house; Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney arrived at about the same time. She wore a lovely dress which looked as if it were made of stainless steel, with twin diamond brooches and a wide-brimmed hat to match; a cute little doll's sunshade protected her from the western sun in the car on the way down. Her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell, came with lucky Lord Midleton, who has an antique shop in Beauchamp Place; with them we inspected the rose garden, delicious with the scent of a day's sunshine, and perfectly-kept sunk gardens on descending levels.

Although the party went on mostly in the garden, people also explored the wonderfully kept and furnished house, thick with pictures and flowers. The Mayor and Mayoress of Richmond represented the locality; among other guests (not débutantes, for a change) were Group Captain Sir Louis Greig and Mr. and Miss Greig, Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor, Lady Kavanagh and Miss Frances Kavanagh, Lady Dorothy Meynell and Miss Meynell, Lady Cynthia Colville, Sir Ralph and Lady Bond, Lord and Lady Hayter, Lady Stewart, Mrs. Scherkel, of Copenhagen, the Mayor and Mayoress of Barnes and the Misses Irwin; Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell, Lady Purves Stuart and Sir George and Lady Wilkinson.

A tiny swimming-bath, not too large to contain asses' milk or something equally exotic, lurks beneath the house.

JULY 31.—Things ahead include the "500" Ball, an important fund-raising effort for the British Rheumatic Association at Claridge's on November 14; this should be a big date in what is known as "the little season," during which people revived by moors and beaches go in for late nights again.

An earlier autumn date is the large ball of the La Fiesta Club, at 10, Cadogan Gardens, Chelsea, home of Walter Fitzgerald, the

JULY 28.—PREPARING FOR THE TWELFTH. Left, Miss M. Clarke, with Lady Lonsdale, at the Setter and Pointer field trials prior to the shooting season.

JULY 28.—THE DUKE IN THE CAFETERIA. The Duke of Edinburgh at the competitors' cafeteria near Helsinki; behind him are Lord Burghley and Mr. Arthur Porritt, chairman of the B.E. and Commonwealth Games Federation.

JULY 28. — THE DÉBUTANTES DRINK UP. Miss Ann Alderton, *left*, at her cocktail party where the guests included Miss Pat Hartley-Sharpe, *centre*, and Miss Shirley Barret.

JULY 29.—PALACE INVESTITURE. Among heroes who were invested at Buckingham Palace this morning were, *left*, Captain Charles Paul, who received the Military Cross from the Queen, with his mother Mrs. Watling, and his uncle, Mr. William Paul. *Right:* 2nd Lieut. Trevor Palmer, whose Military Cross was won in Korea, went to the Palace with his mother, Mrs. Palmer, and his father, Mr. C. K. Palmer.

actor, on September 26. Members of this club, all young, have other treats in store : a Christmas ball at Londonderry House which is also booked for a ball on Coronation night, beating a mass of other takers of this important date.

A final cocktail party to finish up the crammed summer season takes place to-night—at the flat of Mr. Patrick Spooner, ex-cloak-and-dagger man and chairman of the club.

JULY 31.—The third day of Goodwood was given an unusual touch by the eccentric behaviour in the Goodwood Cup of *Aquino II.*, owned by the Maharanee of Baroda and winner of the Gold Cup at Ascot. Perhaps he was made uneasy by the exceptional absence, in this race, of the now usual starting-gate, and unwilling to obey the mere drop of a flag ; he certainly went on in a very odd way, cannoned into *Eastern Emperor*, and after tacking about the course, charged out among the heather and gorse bushes on the far side ; he could only be got back to the paddock after much coaxing and the removal of his blinkers.

Among people in the members' enclosure that day were Lady Queensberry, Lord Allendale, Major Geoff. Phipps-Hornby, busy polo player, with his younger daughter, Miss Sally Phipps-Hornby ; Mrs. John Bailward, who has a stud of racehorses at Horsington, in Somerset, and Admiral Sir Stuart and Lady Bonham-Carter.

The whole meeting was a great success, including the special race cards with coloured reproductions of racing pictures belonging to the Duke of Richmond on their covers, a different one for each day. Instead of the old-fashioned stuffy luncheon tents there were gay-looking wooden chalets. The largest belonged to the Duke of Norfolk and there were about a dozen more, in three of which Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, Major Graeme Whitelaw and Sir Adrian and Lady Jarvis had large parties.

Among the men wearing gay straw boaters was Lord Rosebery, who also appeared during the meeting in a grey otter-hunting bowler, and then in a large panama. Other people about were Lords Carnarvon, Portarlington and Manton ; Lady Baron, Sir Bracewell Smith, Lady Zia Wernher, Sir Victor Sassoon and Mr. Jim Philipps, whose father, Lord Milford, had eight horses running at the meeting. The Queen, who was also there the day before, drove down the course to see the start of the Trundle Stakes, which was won by Lord Milford's *Tauber*.

AUG. 1.—There was tremendous cheering, even the bookmakers joining in, when *Gay Time* won the Gordon Stakes, watched by the Queen, in whose colours he now runs. He has been bought for the National Stud by Mr. Peter Burrell, and leased to Her Majesty for the rest of his racing career. There were more shouts as the handsome chestnut colt was led up the paddock, a beaming Gordon Richards on top, to where the Queen waited at the unsaddling pen to greet them. More people at this jolly meeting were Lords Plunket and Feversham, Mr. James de Rothschild, Mr. Bill Astor, Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Weatherby, who hunts with the Heythrop ; Mrs. Fogg-Elliot, from Northumberland ; Mrs. Peter Long and Mrs. Harbord. The Queen, with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and the Duke of Richmond, frequently went to the paddock.

JULY 29.—FIRST DAY AT GOODWOOD. *L. to r.*, in the paddock, are Mr. John Henderson, Mrs. Maurice Macmillan, who was Miss Katharine Ormsby-Gore, Lord Harlech's second daughter, and her husband, who is a cousin of the Duke of Devonshire.

JULY 31.—THIRD DAY AT GOODWOOD. *On the left, l. to r.*, Miss Jennifer Williams, Mr. William Ropner and Lady Ronaldshay, Lord Zetland's daughter-in-law. *On the right* is Lady Howe, with her stepdaughter-in-law, Lady Curzon.

JULY 31.—SUNLIT AT GOODWOOD. Lady George Scott, sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch and well known as Molly Bishop, the artist.

AUG. 1.—FOURTH DAY AT GOODWOOD. *On the left* is the Queen, with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, on the splendid day when *Gay Time*, ridden by Gordon Richards, carried her colours to victory for the first time in her reign. *Right*, Lord Elvedon, with his mother, Lady Elizabeth More O'Ferrall and the Misses Henrietta and Elizabeth Guinness.

JULY 31.—C.B.E. REPLICA. Sir Bruce Ingram presenting a miniature replica of the C.B.E. to Mr. H. A. Taylor, chairman of the Executive Committee of St. Bride's Restoration Fund, of which Sir Bruce is Hon. Treasurer. Mr. Taylor, churchwarden of St. Bride, received his C.B.E. in the Birthday Honours for political and public services.

AUG. 2.—KING HAAKON'S 80TH BIRTHDAY. The Norwegian Ambassador, with his wife, *left*, and the Ranee Shanker at a party in honour of the King of Norway.

AUG. 2.—POLO DATE. Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland, who was playing polo at Cowdray Park, with his fiancée, Miss Jeryl Gurdon, who is Lord Cowdray's niece.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

AUG. 1.—Summer dew outside makes a nice change from frost at a hunt ball; the Easton Harriers, who hunt in Suffolk, are one of the few packs which have their ball in the summer, and the first night of August was very gay at Glemham Hall, near Woodbridge, which is regularly lent by Lady Blanche Cobbold for the dance.

The time of year did nothing to stale the usual hunt ball goings-on; hunting horns were blown with height-of-the-season gusto and rang out through the hours of the warm night.

Lady Blanche's gay young house-party included her two sons, Mr. John and Mr. Patrick Cobbold; her daughter, Mrs. Hope-Johnstone; Miss Fiona Myddelton, Miss Camilla Crawley, Miss Diana Birkbeck, Major Simon Bland, Mr. Giles Cartwright, Mr. Peter Dawnay and Mr. Rhys Llewellyn. Her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Paul, came over from their near-by farm.

Older people there were Sir Charles and Lady Bunbury, Lieut.-Colonel Harrison, the local M.P., Lady Pilditch; and, of course, the Master, Mr. Charles Bernard—he is Lord Bandon's only brother.

Mr. John and Miss Jill Ganzoni, son and daughter of Lord and Lady Belstead, brought a party and found a quiet place for supper at the top of the back stairs. Energetic reel-dancing on the lawns outside contributed to the cheerful noise.

AUG. 4.—Bank Holiday treats abound, but most years sharp drenchings quench them. This time we sat tight, only venturing cautiously into the Battersea Pleasure Gardens at dusk. The trees, lit poison green or brazen brass, like last year, were the best feature and about the only free one; or, rather, about the only one included in the two bob entrance fee.

Grandmothers treating family parties were the chief public on this rather flagging night: at least the five- and six-year-olds were amazed and delighted to see nature transformed into pantomime scenery.

Young men, seeking to give jaded débutantes a new thrill, have become wary of the exorbitant Fun Fair, which seems to cost about a shilling a minute. One of this year's new "attractions" is The Showboat; a cardboard-looking thing high in the air above the sunken tide, with a wizened little paddle at the back instead of the fat one on each side that tradition has led us to expect.

* * *

Owing to an unfortunate transposition of names in our last issue, it appeared that *Zucchero* kicked *Mat de Cocagne* at Ascot; in fact, *Mat de Cocagne* kicked *Zucchero*.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

AUG. 2.—TWO-AND-A-PENNY QUEUE. A party visiting a local cinema include Miss Sally Churchill in front, with Mr. Tom Craig. Lady June Hay, Miss Veronica Pitts-Tucker and Mr. Adrian Farquhar wait behind them, ready for a peaceful and comparatively economical evening.

AUG. 5.—NETHERLAND ROYAL BIRTHDAY. A birthday photograph of *l. to r.*, Princess Irene (aged 13 to-day), Princess Margriet, Queen Juliana (*behind*), Princess Beatrix (*r.*); Princess Maria (*front*).

Sir Harry Brittain, whose career has been so long and distinguished, with (centre) his son, Group Captain Brittain, and (left) Sir Jocelyn Lucas.

Sir Bernard H. Binder; the Portuguese Ambassador, Dr. Ruy Ennes Ulrich; and Mr. Frank Beresford. Lord Halifax, President of the Society, was unable to be there, but sent a charming message.

FIFTY YEARS OF PILGRIMAGE

Sir John Mactaggart gave a party at 55, Park Lane for Sir Harry Brittain, only surviving founder member of the Pilgrims' Society, which was created on July 24, 1902. The Coronation of King Edward VII., due that July, was postponed until August because of the King's illness, but the Pilgrims' inauguration took place after a two-day round-up in a hansom cab by Sir Harry and General Joseph Wheeler, a well-known cavalry leader of the South in the American Civil War. Lord Kinnaird presided at the first dinner, and the sister society in the U.S. was founded six months later.

Newly-appointed Ambassadors on both sides make their first speeches through the Pilgrims, of which Lord Roberts was the first President and Sir Harry Brittain first Hon. Secretary, and later Chairman.

Among nearly 150 people at the Park Lane party there were four Cabinet Ministers, five Commonwealth High Commissioners, six Ambassadors and many Admirals, Air Marshals and Members of Parliament. Guests also included Lord Simon and Mr. L. S. Amery.

All important activities were represented; sculptors included Sir William Reid Dick (left), talking to Lord Courtauld-Thomson and Mr. Frank Salisbury, who wore a satin cravat.

Lord Colgrain with Mr. Ian Mactaggart (Sir John Mactaggart was host). Sir Campbell Stuart, present Chairman, was unfortunately absent but sent his greeting.

Sir Thomas White, the High Commissioner for Australia, with Sir John Mactaggart, the host, and Sir Harry Brittain, in whose honour the party was given.

THE EARL OF DALKEITH is engaged to MISS JANE McNEILL

When the Earl of Dalkeith announced his engagement to Miss Jane McNeill last week, rumours that they were about to announce their engagement were already widespread. Lord Dalkeith, who took an Oxford degree in Forestry and Agriculture, is the twenty-eight-year-old son and heir to the Duke of Buccleuch, and helps to run the family's three big estates, Bowhill House, near Selkirk, Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfries, and Broughton House, near Kettering. During the last war he served as a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R.

Miss McNeill (see also page 100 in our last issue, July 30) is the only daughter of Mr. John McNeill, Q.C., and Mrs. McNeill. She is twenty-two and for a time worked as a mannequin. She and her fiancé have known one another for about three years ; both are fond of music (jazz and classics) and riding.

Above: *Zoraida* won the 30-ft. to 60-ft. class for the Britannia Cup: here is Captain F. Ratsey, with members of the crew, with the Cup, presented to them by the Duke of Edinburgh at the Royal Yacht Squadron H.Q.

Left: The American yacht *Caribbee*, which won the big race (for over 37-ft. rating) at Cowes on August 4. She had the bad luck to damage her steering gear, putting her activities for the rest of the week in doubt.

Cowes — and The Duke Won Thirty Bob!

English weather was at its most fretful for Cowes Week: sun gleaming fiercely at stop-watch intervals through glooming clouds and a thoroughly capricious wind filling the sails at will. The Duke of Edinburgh returned from Helsinki on the Tuesday (August 5) in time to take the helm of *Cowslip* in the Flying Fifteens race, in which he steered her to second place; on the following day he was third in the Dragon class with his and the Queen's *Bluebottle*, winning 10s. and £1 on the respective days.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with the well-known designer Uffa Fox as crew, in *Cowslip* during the Flying Fifteens race on August 5.

ALL IMAGINED BY A YOUNG POET

Miss Hargreaves is the name of the play: the theme is based on the idea that "creative thought creates." Margaret Rutherford is the name of the actress who plays this fantastic figment of a young poet's imagination, disconcerting him by appearing with all the trappings his idle invention has devised for her.

Above: She is seen at her most fantastic, gaily caparisoned for some dream midnight steeplechase. *Left:* She is cooing to the moderately calcitrant cockatoo which is among the familiars with whom she is to be seen at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By Cyril Butcher

WE begin, this time, with the pleasurable social duty of writing a bread-and-butter letter to Mr. George Barnes, Director of Television, and to the B.B.C. For we were part of the invited audience at the television performance of Verdi's *Macbeth*, at Glyndebourne.

It was an arduous party to give, involving the transportation of a considerable evening-dressed multitude from and back to London, their entertainment and refreshment. But Mr. Barnes and his staff proved graceful hosts, and we would thank them with equal grace.

It was certainly the strangest operatic performance which we have ever attended. The austere Glyndebourne auditorium was neatly cut in two by a long ramp on which the leading camera "tracked" back and forth. Another camera was perched about half-way down the stalls and even farther back—complete with "monitor" (a television set, working on a closed circuit), earphones and script—sat the narrator, Alexander Moyes. Then, in place of the beautiful stage lighting which is such a feature of the productions in this unique opera house, the scenes were all played in varying intensities of white light, coming from spots and floods. The final shock for the audience was the sight of the scenery being changed in full view.

But though it was a bizarre occasion, the performance itself was exquisite, and one cannot imagine it improved upon anywhere in the world. Our musical colleagues have already raved about Marko Rothmüller's Macbeth and Dorothy Dow's phenomenal Lady Macbeth. They have already enthused over the immaculate conducting of Vittorio Gui, who kept the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra very much on their masterly toes. And they have already lauded Carl Ebert for his superb production. We endorse their findings with all our heart, but we must also add very high marks to George R. Foa, who adapted the production for television. His handling of the cameras was thoroughly excellent and at moments his composition of the pictures seemed inspired.

Here we must tell you that we are not talking through our critical hat. We did not just sit placidly in the auditorium, eating operatic lotuses. On the contrary, we spent the evening rushing like a demented stag between the theatre and the famous (and, to our mind, hideous) Organ Room, where two more monitors showed us exactly how the whole thing was coming across on television. It was a great broadcast, a wonderful occasion, and certainly worthwhile climbing into a dinner jacket, at 2.30 on one of the hottest afternoons of the year.

Now let us turn the tables. On another page you will find John Trewin's verdict on *Albert, R.N.* What concerns us on this one is the transition of the play from television to the stage. You may remember it was broadcast some time ago, and we waxed most enthusiastic. Watching it at the Saville Theatre the other night one was struck by two facts. One is that television has accustomed us to a far higher dramatic speed. *Albert, R.N.*, plays nearly an hour longer on the stage than it did on television, and we become acutely conscious of the slower tempo. The other fact is that in a play, like this one, where so much depends on the subtleties of characterisation, it is 100 per cent. more effective for the camera to bring the audience close to the actor, than for the actor to have become larger than life-size in order to project the character across the space between himself and the audience. But, television or stage, we were still very much moved.

Television looks like becoming star-studded with what can only be described as a vengeance. The recent success of Margaret Lockwood has no doubt encouraged other stellar bodies to have a go; which is heartening. But we would urge the B.B.C. to use these major artists with caution and provide them with a vehicle in which their highly individual talents can be best exploited.

Royston Morley's *The Whip* was certainly not the right play to reintroduce Eric Portman to television. He was playing the part of a major Member of Parliament who has to fight a battle between his own conscience and the dictates of his party. Around him revolved a number of sharply-drawn characters, which were played by artists of the calibre of Helen Shingler, Clifford Evans, Edward Chapman and Wyndham Goldie. Each of these had a "moment" in the play; in fact, Miss Shingler was a mass of "moments." But when was Eric Portman's turn going to come? We waited and waited while Mr. Morley slowly—oh, so slowly—unfolded his behind-the-scenes picture of British politics (which, according to him, are conducted on the verge of dipsomania. In fact, if the references to drink had been cut by half, the play would have run many welcome minutes less.) When Mr. Portman's turn did eventually come, it fizzled briefly like a damp squib and there was a part that any of a hundred competent actors could have played equally well. We feel rather grieved at Royston Morley. He is an extremely intelligent man and one of the most brilliant producers in the business, but as a playwright—not this time.

Ann Todd as Princess Louise of Coburg and Harry Andrews as Count Geza von Mattachich in the opening scene of *Her Royal Highness*, by Felix Salten, an exciting romance of Hapsburg, Austria. This was Miss Todd's first starring TV part since 1938.

Ann Todd's vehicle, *Her Royal Highness*, by Felix Salten (adapted by Margaret Webster), was a much better choice. The Princess Louise of Coburg is a real star part, endless with opportunities, and the story of her somewhat unorthodox liaison with an officer in the Imperial Austrian Army keeps one breathless with suspense. At Miss Todd's level one has to be hypercritical, and what would have been a great performance from a minor actress, from her was only nearly a great one. We detected a slight coldness in her happier moments and a certain petulance in the place of convincing regality. Also we would advise her to reconsider her microphone technique, and not whisper one second and yell the next. But, with these reservations, this performance has greatly enhanced Ann Todd's already considerable reputation, and we hope to see her again soon. The production, by the way, was by Eric Fawcett and, as usual, a model of fidelity and slickness.

"Production by Michael Barry" is a rare thing nowadays, since he took control of the Drama Department. But *A Cradle of Willow*, by Dorothy Wright, could not have been a happier choice for one of his infrequent ventures. Baldly put, it is a Nativity play, set in the Fens, vaguely in the thirteenth century. But the time and the place do not matter; the Event is beyond such limits and is an inspiration to all mankind. It has inspired this new author to some of the most beautiful writing which has yet come our way; it inspired Mr. Barry and director Alan Bromly to exquisite delicacy of handling; and it inspired performances of utter sincerity from Robert Speaight, Stanley Baker, Trader Faulkner, Maureen Pryor, Rosemary Harris and Catherine Lacey, and a perfect supporting cast.

WATCHING BRIEF

Highlights of the Next Fortnight

ON the day after to-morrow the B.B.C. is due for a sigh of relief. For on August 15 it will have completed the first big step towards making television available to the whole country. The opening of the Wenvoe transmitter near Cardiff—the last of the high-power stations—will mean that 78 per cent. of our population can join the television family circle. And that is the biggest national coverage—not excluding the U.S.A.

The opening ceremony will be performed by Sir Alexander Cadogan, the Chairman of the B.B.C. Board of Governors, who will invite the Postmaster-General, the Earl De La Warr, to give the word "go."

After that, naturally, everything goes a little Welsh and West Country. Lady Megan Lloyd George will be *Speaking Personally* the same evening, next day there will be a film about the Eisteddfod, *Heart of a Nation*, and on Sunday, August 17, Evensong will be televised from Llandaff Cathedral.

Then on August 19, Ronald Gow's adaptation of the Thomas Hardy story *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* will be televised from the Theatre Royal, Bristol, with Barbara Jefford, Donald Eccles, Michael Aldridge and Everley Gregg in a cast, all of whom have some connection with the West Country.

For the rest, there is a play by Stanley Young, *Mystery Story*, to be produced by Douglas Allen. The story is so mysterious that we haven't been able to find out a thing about it, except that it's set in the U.S.A. and that the cast are either Canadian or American. The dates are August 17 and 21.

Caryl Doncaster, the documentary producer, has dropped youngsters as a subject and will concentrate on the old, in her next programme, *The Declining Years*, on August 18. It will show some of the problems of our older folk and demonstrate the need to look after their welfare. The script is by Patricia Evans.

Photographed by Baron.

The lovely bride, who was given away by her father, sits in one of the windows at Sutton Place. She looked most spectacular in her white satin dress, with its top like a meadowful of daisies, and its leg-of-mutton sleeves. Tulle flies away from the top of her head and flutters to the ground: pearls and lilies are additional gleams of whiteness.

PEARLS, TULLE, TAPESTRY, FLOWERS AND

The bride's soft, slightly Alice-in-Wonderland hair blows in the sunshine outside the church as she and her husband pause after the ceremony before going on to Sutton Place, one of the homes of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who lent it for the reception.

Miss Anne Clifford, the eldest of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford's three beautiful daughters, was married to the Hon. John Julius Cooper, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Norwich, at St. Edward's Roman Catholic Church, Sutton Park, near Guildford, on August 5. There was a reception afterwards at Sutton Place, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, after which the bride and bridegroom departed for a honeymoon in Italy.

Beauty abounded in all directions: the bride and her sisters, the house and its setting, the bridegroom's famous mother, originally Lady Diana Manners, then Lady Diana Cooper until her husband, Sir Duff Cooper, who was one of our most successful Ambassadors in Paris, was made a Viscount in the Birthday Honours. He assumed the title of Norwich just after the announcement of his son's engagement on July 5.

Miss Atalanta Clifford, bridesmaid and sister of the bride, scoops her young niece, Miss Annabel Jones, into the picture with the bride and bridegroom and Mrs. Timothy Jones.

Photographed by Baron.

L. to r., The Hon. Lady Clifford, the bride's mother, Mrs. Timothy Jones, sister of the bride and matron of honour, holding the hand of her daughter, Miss Annabel Jones, who carried a budgerigar in cellophane; the Hon. Sir Bede Clifford, the bride's father; the Hon. J. J. and Mrs. Cooper; Mr. T. Jones, best man, *behind*; Viscountess and Viscount Norwich and Miss Atalanta Clifford.

A BIRD IN A CELLOPHANE CAGE

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Albert, R.N.

(*Saville*)

A PRISON-CAMP play is nothing new. I remember especially *Zoo in Silesia*, at the Embassy, which told what seemed to a layman a rather theatrically tall story of camp economics, and the far deeper and more moving *Yes, Farewell*, which never reached London. Now we have the uncomplicated *Albert, R.N.*, in which Guy Morgan and Edward Sammis relate the details of a famous escape. They have not worried much about the development of character: they have simply a story to tell, and—with one reservation—they have told it quite effectively. You may think, no doubt, that the reservation is a big one. In short, the dramatists have left the core of their story untouched. It is as if we were offered a tale of adventure with a handful of the central pages torn out and a brief summary of events stuck in. For all that, the play does hold us, even though (I have to admit) we may find the inevitable film version more satisfying.

Let me explain. The scene is a prison camp for naval officers in North-West Germany during 1944 (March to October of that year). There are, of course, plans for escape, but the plan in this hut is uncommon: it depends upon Albert—on Albert, R.N. He is, outwardly, a quiet, amiable type: he likes, above all things, to sit staring into vacancy, sometimes with his head, sometimes without. His body is a frame. His head is *papier mâché*. He is, in fact, a dummy constructed upon the premises: it must be the first time that an honest-to-goodness dummy has been the central figure in a West End play.

Albert's colleagues in "Marlag V." go to a bath-house beyond the wire, where they are under close observation by German guards. It is essential that as many prisoners shall return to camp as come from it: that is where Albert does his work. He is carried in bits outside the wire, then hastily assembled and marched home between his colleagues, a cigarette between his lips. His legs may dangle; but the guards will not look at legs: it is their job to count heads; and if they count Albert's then all is well.

Playgoers will learn at the Saville what happens in two escape attempts from Marlag V. The dramatists are lavish with before-and-after detail, and the performances are good enough to keep the attention, particularly those of Laidman Browne and Hugh Burden. Laidman Browne, who has been for so long one of the most familiar voices in broadcast drama, proves that he has lost nothing of his quality as a stage actor. As the senior naval officer, who reads "Westerns" in his too copious spare time (and who, at the last, sacrifices his library for a new Albert), he is a figure both compelling and urbane. Hugh Burden is Albert's maker: the part might fray into tedium, but Mr. Burden can suggest nerve-strain without overdoing it, and he can smooth along the most perilous speeches. Hugh Latimer's schoolmaster looks gravely upon the world; and Ferdy Mayne is a peculiarly grim specimen of a Nazi guard: "not born," observes someone, "but hatched from a senna pod."

Still, the heart of the drama must be Albert himself, calm, unwinking, his eye a little glazed: "the truly free man," says his creator in effect, "he 'll never move unless you push him." John Worsley, who made him, also made the original Albert, so we can take it that, visually, the play is authentic. Most people, for the sake of its carefully-expressed detail, will be prepared to take the entire evening. But I long to see the escape itself.

The Step Forward

(*Strand*)

IF you want to know how an author lives, go to the Strand Theatre and study the exhibit presented by Anne Trego. (But don't take it too seriously.) There, in an odd play, you will meet Mr. Gray Langdon, whose address is Magnolia Cottage, Little Biding, Essex. He has not written a book before, but he means to make what a Cornishman would call "a proper job" of this one. It is a biography of an obscure French poet, who was one of Ronsard's pupils. We gather that publishers compete for it. It must be presented as soon as possible to an avid public. Subscribers will probably pull up the pavements if the book is late. The author needs a resident bi-lingual secretary. He must rush to Paris. There is an air of portentousness. And I began to wonder who told the dramatist the facts of publishing and of authorship in the year 1952.

Anyway, that is only one part of a little comedy which, after a nearly superfluous first scene, turns into a study of a young wife who takes a "step forward." She has left her husband, we understand, because she cannot cope with his more sophisticated tastes. As secretary to the portentous biographer of Magnolia Cottage, she discovers the way back to her husband—not through the works of the obscure French poet, but thanks to the unexpected arrival of her employer's "wolfish" younger brother. He has an eye for the prettier brand of secretary and no reverence at all for Ronsard or any pupil. In essence, then, this is the kind of story that should end among the advertisements in a women's magazine. In spite of novelettish plot and shaky construction, it comes off moderately well in the theatre because Anne Trego has a useful light humour that she could develop. (She lost it, I fear, when she was considering that curious biography: there are, by the way, to be two editions, French and English.)

Frances Hyland is always a delight: her performance at least justifies the arrival of the comedy in the West End, though she must largely cut her own path. She has expressive eyes. Where too many actresses seem to have, facially, the glazed lifelessness of Albert, R.N., Miss Hyland does indeed act with every glance; we see the meaning in her eyes before she speaks. I cannot say what sort of secretary this demurely-named Mary Silver makes at Magnolia Cottage. Good, no doubt: she was at Girton, and her French is adequate. We do know that Miss Hyland is a highly decorative and intelligent actress.

Guy Rolfe copes as well as he can with that alarming author (I hope that he produces a second book, and not about an obscure French poet); Gillian Lind, in domestic uncertainty, is precisely right as his wife who has a lot on her mind and much in the oven; and Sheila Keith, an actress with an uncommonly deep ground-swell voice, aids the play at beginning and end. She is said to be acting in a repertory cast at Putney; it must be an excellent theatre. There remain Alexis France and Derek Farr. Miss France's principal task, as a woman who believes that she is a descendant of Mary Queen of Scots, is to read a poem by Ronsard, while Derek Farr (as a young man who is not the first of our intellectuals) frets in discomfort. He is, apparently, an advertising executive: knowing, brisk, and a thorough-paced "wolf," not the right man to have about the house at Magnolia Cottage. His influence proves, however, to be surprisingly educative: his trip to Little Biding was not wasted.

Present and Future

RAYMOND MASSEY, so familiar on the London stage during the 1930's, is now to appear in England as a dramatist. He has made a version of Bruce Hamilton's novel, *The Hanging Judge*, and the play will open a short pre-London tour at Manchester on August 25; Sir Godfrey Tearle is cast as Mr. Justice Brittain. Michael Powell (who presents and directs) and Raymond Massey have been working on the piece, I understand, for two years. There is a company of twenty-five, and the principal scenes are the Adelphi Club, which is based on a notable club in London; the Judge's country house, and the Assize Court at Norwich.

BACK TO THE MERMAID

Bernard Miles and his colleagues are preparing for their new six-weeks season at the little Elizabethan theatre in Acacia Road, St. John's Wood: a festival even more enterprising than last year's. Thus we are to have (première, September 10) a *Macbeth* in which the speech sounds will resemble those commonly employed by educated Londoners at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the acting style is to be based upon contemporary accounts of the art known as "Action." Thomas Middleton's comedy of London life in the early 1600's, *A Trick To Catch the Old One*, arrives on October 6. Joan Swinstead produces each play, and there will be twice-nightly performances. The season's music at the Mermaid includes "Dido and Æneas" and the Bach Cantatas, each with Kirsten Flagstad.

PRODUCER: HELPMANN

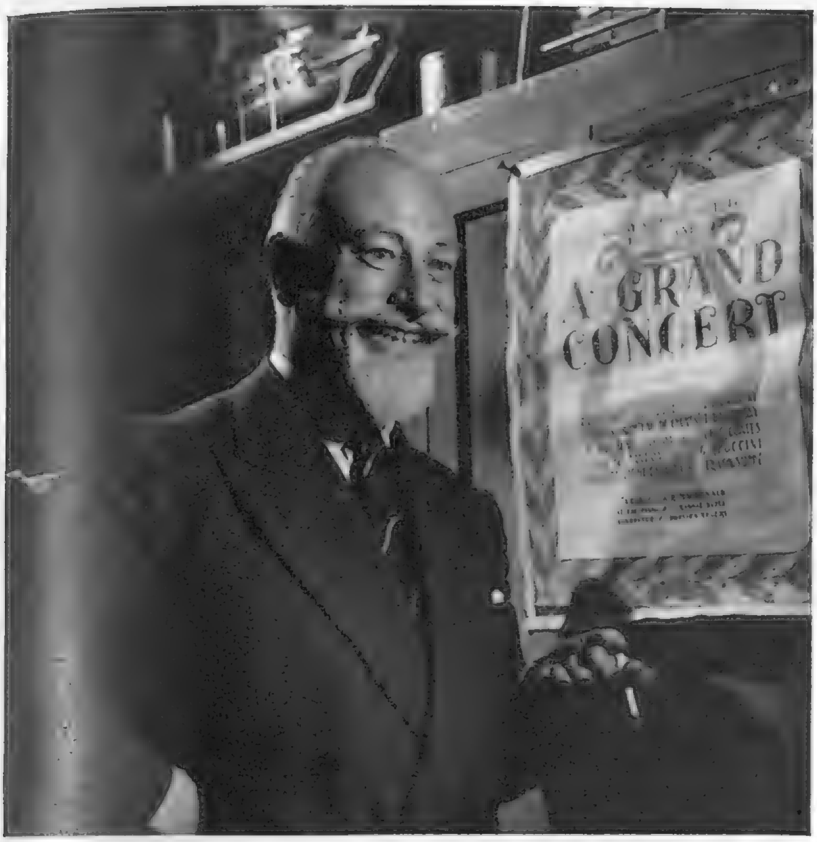
Robert Helpmann has produced a new comedy called *The Wedding Ring*, by Kieran Tunney and Simon Wardell, about two fashionable sisters (acted by Irene Browne and Adrianne Allen) who try to regain their lost fortunes by running a marriage bureau. It will begin in the West End early in September. Others in the cast are Gladys Henson, Irene Handl, Shelagh Fraser, Diana Allen, Archibald Batty, Jon Farrell, Peter Cushing and Patrick MacNee.

EDINBURGH-LONDON

The two principal productions of the Edinburgh Festival, which opens next week, will be Charles Morgan's *The River Line* (August 18), which comes to the Lyric, Hammersmith, on September 2; and Christopher Hassall's Perkin Warbeck drama, *The Player King* (August 26), due in London later. Tennent Productions and Stephen Mitchell present the first, with Pamela Brown and Paul Scofield; and Henry Sherek the second, with Cathleen Nesbitt, Heather Stannard and Tony Britton. Emlyn Williams's one-man *Bleak House*, also in the Festival, will reach the Ambassadors on September 3.

GETTING AROUND

Sherek productions during the autumn include Royston Morley's *The Golden Calf*, with Eric Portman; and Roger MacDougall's *The Ferndale Affair*. . . . Barbara Couper has succeeded Margaretta Scott (who has left the cast to await her second child) as Katharine Parr in *The Young Elizabeth* at the Criterion. . . . Robert Flemyng has taken over Robert Morley's part in *The Little Hut* at the Lyric for six weeks, so that Mr. Morley can have a holiday. . . . The Cambridge Marlowe Society is bringing two of its plays to the Scala, London, this week: *Romeo and Juliet* (last performance to-night, August 13), and T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion* (August 14 to 16).



"SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHER'S THEATRE REUNION WITH FELLOW-PRISONERS

Mr. Houston Rogers, our cheerful theatre photographer whose brilliant work is so well known to readers of *The Sketch*, had an interesting reunion with fellow-prisoners of the famous P.O.W. camp, Marlag V., when we sent him to the Saville Theatre to photograph *Albert, R.N.* (reviewed on page 150). Mr. John Worsley, ex-R.N.V.R. and Admiralty war artist, was the creator of the play's dummy hero, and both he and Mr. Guy Morgan, co-author of the play with Mr. Edward Sammis, were prisoners at the same time as Mr. Rogers, all three being active in facilitating escapes. Mr. Rogers, by the way, is also a musician and frequently conducted at camp concerts.

Albert, with his ping-pong-ball eyes, which blinked in his papier mâché face at every third step, foxed the guards for prisoners who had escaped via the washroom, to which he was conveyed in people's pockets and there rigged up to take the place of the absentee. His body was a matter of flimsy framework beneath an overcoat and the trickiest bit was making him appear to walk.

Left: Mr. Houston Rogers photographed with an original poster, drawn by Mr. John Worsley, who created Albert in the P.O.W. camp, Marlag V. Mr. Rogers was conductor at the Grand Concert announced on the poster.

Albert's newsprint tissues on display. Maddox (Laidman Browne) wonders how he will look in daylight ; Geoff (Hugh Burden) vouches for his creation, but asks for volunteers for hair, eyebrows and eyelashes.

Schultz, one of the cloth-headed officials at the camp, played by Ferdy Mayne, shouts at Albert : "You, there ! In the chair. Stand up !" Joe (Meadows White) gets away with the explanation that Albert isn't feeling too well.

Guy Morgan, who is co-author of the play with Edward Sammis. Mr. Morgan, who was a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., was one of the prisoners at the camp.

Geoff, on the left, helps dead-pan Albert back from the washroom in place of the chap who has escaped. It takes a bit of doing to swing his flimsy frame along convincingly, let alone keep him in step, though north of the neck he is the perfect gigolo.

John Worsley, creator of Albert, was a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R., and an Admiralty war artist whose skill was proved by the now famous dummy.

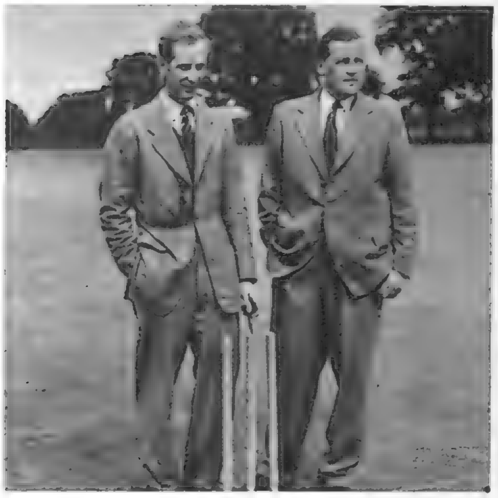
The Earl of Strathmore being greeted by the host and hostess, Major and Mrs. J. C. Monteith.

The Hon. Caroline Dewar, daughter of Lord and Lady Forteviot, and one of this year's débutantes.

REGIMENTAL RELAXATION

The annual cricket match between the Black Watch and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was a great success on Tuesday of last week (Aug. 5). The function, which also incorporates a garden-party, has been going on steadily for years (apart from the war) on the cricket-pitch and grounds of Doo'cot Park, Perth, kindly lent by Mrs. A. K. Bell.

Major J. C. Monteith, O.C. The Black Watch, and Mrs. Monteith received the guests; there was tea in a marquee and a military band which played during the match, won by The Black Watch. Best treat of all were the pipes and drums, which beat the Retreat at the end.



The captains of the cricket teams, Major A. Lithgow, the Black Watch (*left*); Major D. Boyle, the Argylls (*right*).

Miss Anthea Norman and her mother, Mrs. S. Norman, equipped with very smart umbrellas, set out to watch the afternoon's cricket.

Captain and Mrs. Michael Lyle on a brisk inspection of the pitch and grounds. Northern weather did not encourage loitering.

Major Lord Douglas Gordon and Lady Douglas Gordon with their smartly-kilted young son, Master Andrew Gordon.

Mrs. Eric Penn (*left*) with Major M. Crichton-Stuart, hereditary keeper of Falkland Place, and Mrs. Crichton-Stuart.

L. to r., Miss Sheila Mackenzie, the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Miss Dawn Barrange and Miss Oriel Hay Drummond in their garden-party clothes.

L. to r., Mrs. H. J. Sinclair, Miss D. Campbell and Miss J. Tanner took an opportunity to rest on the rather hard chairs.

The cricket captains and their wives : l. to r., Major Boyle, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Lithgow and Major Lithgow.

Three of the players in the cricket match : l. to r., Colonel A. Campbell, Argylls, Brigadier E. A. F. Macpherson, Argylls, Lord Forteviot, Black Watch, and his son, the Hon. John Dewar.

L. to r., Miss D. Pattullo, the Hon. Caroline Barrie, her mother, Lady Abertay, and Lady Cooke.

L. to r., Mrs. G. B. Sanderson, Mrs. J. R. H. Hutchison (wife of the Under-Secretary for War) and Major G. B. Sanderson.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By Louis T. Stanley

The Olympic Games in Retrospect

THE Olympic flame has been extinguished, the Olympic hymn sung, and the Olympic flag hauled down. The Games are officially dead until Melbourne, 1956, but it will be months before the Helsinki ghost is laid.

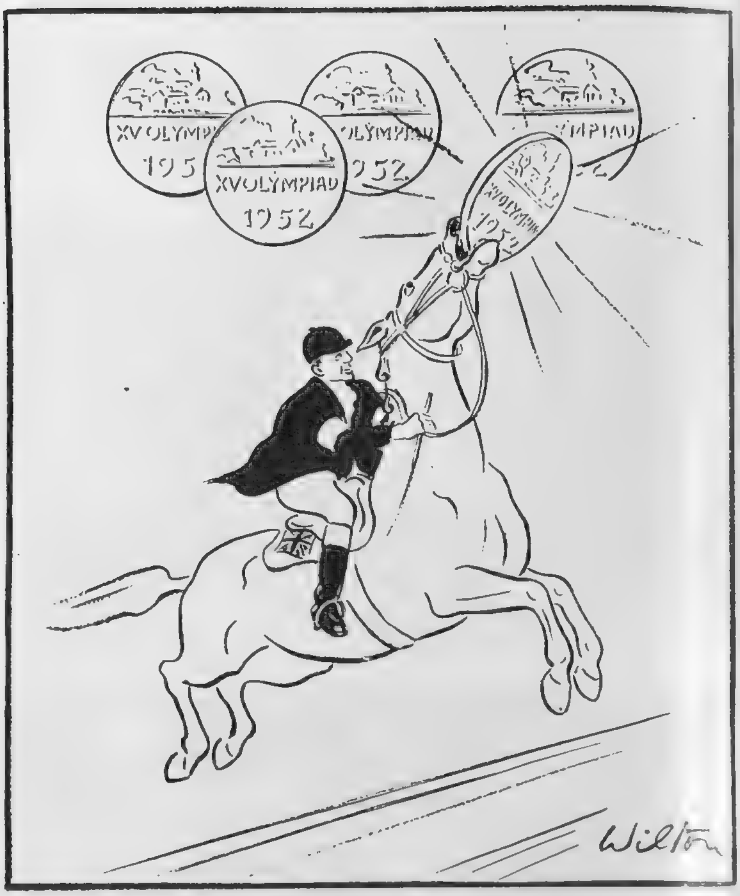
Personally, I am heartily tired of alibi-post-mortems. I have only scanned a few of the so-called expert summaries. Possibly I may have been unlucky with those picked, but much of what I read has been laced with intolerable rubbish. Before the Games started, many would-be prophets risked an ostrich act. One writer, who shall be nameless, went so far as to list probable Gold Medallists on the track. The panel made impressive reading. He now explains it away by smugly asserting that we played our part in the spirit extolled by Baron de Coubertin, which, after all, was our main ambition.

That sort of talk is all very well, but it cuts no ice. You can't back it both ways. Here is a man, by no means alone, who anticipates in print the prospect of bringing back half-a-dozen Gold Medals. None of them materialise, so he adopts a hypocritical sour-grapes attitude, plus a halo of righteousness. It does no harm to examine the operative Coubertin words. . . . "The important thing is not the winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not so much conquering as fighting well." Admirable words, stirring phrases, and uttered in 1896. If we insisted on basing pre-Olympic training on their logical conclusion, we might just as well save money and energy. Why should an athlete spend four years training systematically with no ambition other than to finish the course irrespective of medals or placing. Such an attitude would be both foolish and defeatist, and I am certain that our active representatives at Helsinki had no time for such mealy sentiments. The Marathon veteran, Jack Holden, spoke for competitors some time ago when he said: "The British are too fond of being good losers. I would rather be a bad winner." If you prefer a pre-Coubertin opinion, here is the philosopher, Themistocles, who, when asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, replied: "Which would you rather be—a conqueror in the Olympic Games or the crier who proclaims the conqueror?" A modicum of intelligent reasoning should produce a fairly unanimous agreement.

I prefer to approach the Olympic Games, or, for that matter, any sporting event of a competitive nature, with the fixed determination to win. That, I maintain, is a basic principle of sport. Anyone who says that the result does not matter before the game begins would be far better employed on the touch-line or knitting at home by the fireside. By some strange form of inverted snobbery inherited in muddled fashion from public-school jargon, we tend to view pot-hunters and winning sides with an air of distaste, if not distrust. Sir Henry Newbolt may exhort us "to love the game beyond the prize," and George Herbert want us to "play not for gain but sport," but if that be our ambition we should steer clear of competitive sport, certainly on the international plane. No one could convince me that our Olympic team did not set out with the grim intention of winning. No amount of verbal white-washing or hypocritical cant under a Coubertin umbrella can alter that cardinal fact. Officials and writers who attempt to do so are doing British athletics a grave disservice.

Let us be honest. Helsinki proved that to win a Gold Medal we had to have four legs. In other words, we were out-classed. There was no fluke about it. Many of the decisions were repeated a fortnight later at the White City when our athletes were run off their feet. An alibi was put forward that our men were stale and could not produce their best. Well, the Americans were hardly inactive at Helsinki, yet they managed to overcome their tiredness. We had, of course, many heroic failures at Helsinki. Even from afar our hearts glowed at the magnificent heart-bursting effort by Chris Chataway in the 5000 metres. His last-bend fall was a tragedy. Bannister had supporters every inch of the way during his gallant mile when even his best could not improve on fourth place. The astonishing preparation-mileage that went for nought when Peters collapsed by the roadside doubled-up with cramp. By 1952 levels our team did well. Unfortunately, as it turned out, our preparations were based on that standard. We were led to believe that conditions in the Helsinki Stadium would be against record-breaking. On the contrary, over sixty existing records went overboard. Never has the pace been so fierce. The first eight men in the 1500 metres all ran faster than any Olympic competitor before. In the women's long jump, the first nine all smashed the existing record. The Czech runner, Emil Zatopek, lopped 42 seconds off the best time for the 10,000 metres and almost 6 minutes off the Marathon time. The list could be extended in detail, but these few statistics are sufficient to indicate the overall picture.

Are we then to infer from our failure to win a single Gold Medal in track events that our training methods are faulty? Alongside other nations it would seem that we are out of step. I know full well that a strong argument can be advanced justifying existing methods. It can be pointed out that McDonald Bailey was third in a 100-metres final in which the first four finished so close that the timekeepers had to bracket them together on the 10.4 seconds mark: that Bailey's time in the 200 metres of 21 seconds would have won a Gold Medal in every previous final except against Jesse Owens: that Albert Webster would have won every other Olympic except two when he clocked 1 min. 50·2 secs. in the 800 metres: that Bannister ran the fastest 1500 metres ever returned by a Britisher, the legendary Jack Lovelock record being left behind: that Disley's 8 min. 51.8 secs. would have landed any other 3000-metres steeplechase. I admit that all these times were magnificent, but, the fact remains, they were not good enough. In every instance, someone was just that much better. Glancing down the list of final distribution of honours, the United States finished 18 ahead of Russia with a total of 40 Gold Medals. Hungary and Sweden came third and fourth with 16 and 12 respectively.



Foxhunter's last-minute recovery and faultless last round helped our Show-jumping Team to bring back Britain's only Gold Medal from Helsinki.

What lessons can be learnt from the pre-Olympic preparations of these four countries? A cynic may say that by our standards many of their representatives were not amateur. That may or may not be so. One fact is indisputable. Under the existing system of defining amateur status, every competitor at Helsinki was adjudged an amateur. We may complain because certain countries, such as America and Russia, encourage full-time athletic training under the amateur-cover of a nominal occupation or state-scholarship. Critics may call it veiled-professionalism. In a strict sense, the description is correct. That is what it is. And we can do nothing about it, for officialdom accepts it as amateurism.

A few months ago I spent an evening with Robert Giegengack, the senior coach of Yale, and H. W. Geick, one of the co-captains of Harvard. Both men were well primed on American training methods. Each maintained that American track and field superiority is based on the college athletics system. A youngster has only to show a natural aptitude for athletics to be earmarked for a college or sports scholarship. From that moment they have all the facilities of a first-class track, plus expert coaching. As things are at present in this country there is little chance of any would-be Olympic athlete receiving a sports scholarship. Fundamentally that is the root cause of many of our troubles—the lukewarm attitude of educational authorities to athletics. Sports days at school are something in the egg-and-spoon category. Except for a few isolated cases, encouragement is directed towards team games like Rugby, soccer and cricket. One of the obstacles to be removed is this apathetic disinterest shown towards embryonic athletes, for the schools hold our Olympic "hopes" of the future.

Helsinki has taught us that the human frame is capable of far greater effort and sustained strain in accelerated speed than was ever before imagined. If Americans, Russians, Czechs and a lonely representative from tiny Luxembourg can demonstrate this fact, there is no reason why our athletes should not do likewise. Lungs, fast feet and determination to win are not the prerogatives of any one nation. In preparing for the 1956 Olympic Games our target-standards must be as far ahead of 1952 as Helsinki was over 1948.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT. . . . The alleged angel of peace, *i.e.*, the German girl who gate-crashed the opening ceremony, having proved that she had no political or Communist associations, was immediately subjected to medical observation!

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

MRS. BA MAUNG CHAIN : For being the world's first ice "queen" to become a Cabinet Minister.

Mrs. Chain is also the first and only woman to become a Cabinet Minister in Burma ; she takes an active part in the ice business of Rangoon and is director of an ice factory. Her taste in smoking is for mild cheroots.

MR. JOHN GIELGUD : For exceeding the Irving-Terry run of *Much Ado About Nothing* in the '80's, with his own recent production.

After 225 performances, a total which surpasses the record of 212 set up by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the Lyceum in 1882, Mr. Gielgud's own production of *Much Ado About Nothing* has just finished its very successful run at the Phœnix.

MISS MARY LOU MORTENSEN : For having the nerve to bring an all-American band of pipes and drums on a tour of Scotland.

Drum-Major Mortensen, with her sixty-girl-strong Scottish Highland Pipe and Drum Corps of Iowa State University, are over here to tour Scottish cities—presumably to show the natives how to play the bagpipes !

MISS GLORIA NORD : For letting another's error help her in safeguarding a pretty nose.

Following the case of an angry Parisian lobster which tried to bite a diner's nose, Miss Gloria Nord kept well out of reach when she chose a lobster at the opening of the Buffet Bar at the Hotel Metropole, Brighton.

MISS EVELYN HAMILTON : For completing a one-woman cycling marathon.

Miss Hamilton, fittingly sashed and garlanded, arrives at Westminster, having completed a record of cycling 12,000 miles in 100 days. Her object was to show that British cycle equipment is the best in the world.

MR. ALEC BEDSER : For making his best effort ever and taking his 1000th wicket in first-class cricket.

Mr. Alec Bedser, Surrey and England bowler, took his 1000th wicket when playing against Notts, in whose second innings he took 8 wickets for 18 runs. His match average was 13 for 46.

MR. LUDWIG LOBEL AND HIS WIFE : For driving from London to Sydney, Australia, in a £40 taxi.

Mr. and Mrs. Lobel have just arrived in Sydney—our photograph shows them under the famous bridge—having driven their 1930 London taxi a distance of 16,000 miles in seven months. Only troubles encountered during the journey were three punctures.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Sound Barrier

(*Plaza*)

THE film that is causing the most excitement in London just now, and quite right, too, is David Lean's magnificent drama of the jet 'planes—*The Sound Barrier*.

The Sound Barrier captures one's imagination from the first shot. Mr. Lean and the writer of story and screen-play, Terence Rattigan, have disposed with great daring of the convention of opening credits. They plunge us directly into the heart of the matter. The film begins, not with the customary list of acknowledgments to everyone who has contributed so much as a hairpin to the work, but with a tensely exciting piece of action. It is wartime. Gulls are screaming over the chalk cliffs of the south coast. Soldiers, on guard by the barbed-wire entanglements, are keeping their eyes on the sky. A Spitfire pilot, in a burst of youthful high spirits, puts his machine into a flat-spin dive. He is laughing with the sheer joy of power. Suddenly he finds he has lost control. As he tells a fellow-pilot later, it 's just as if he had come up against a solid sheet of water.

Then, and not until then, the single main title of the film appears on the screen. By this time a tension has been established in the audience, and the subject clearly stated. Even those of us who, like myself, have no knowledge of aeronautics, and are not in the least scientifically-minded, have been made aware that a 'plane flying at a very high speed comes up against a mysterious barrier. The main story follows the post-war experiments of test-pilots, designers and aircraft manufacturers working on jets, to find a means of breaking through this barrier. One pilot (Nigel Patrick) crashes to his death. Another, the pilot of the original Spitfire (John Justin), who has been pondering over his experience with the "sheet of water," risks a bold improvisation (he reverses the controls) and triumphs. The director has declared that this particular solution of the problem is only a part, or a simplification, of the facts. Nevertheless, it is authentic as far as it goes, and provides the proper dramatic ending to a high adventure.

The Sound Barrier, with its wonderful air photography, taking us to ride the cotton-wool clouds, flying high above the patchwork of the earth, or under a canopy of stars, is a superbly exciting film to see. The tearing sound of the passage of jets ("That 's a jet, that was") makes it an often nerve-racking film to hear. *The Sound Barrier* is not a comfortable film, for it is so well done that we are forced to share in the physical agony of the pilots up above and the mental agony of their friends and colleagues down below. But it provides a two-hour experience in drama that doesn't come our way every week, or every month, or every year.

The acting is fine. John Justin's work has matured beyond recognition since we last saw him on the screen. The director's wife, Ann Todd, plays a young bride, an expectant mother, and a steadfast widow, with an admirably unselfconscious candour, and a good deal of skill. Sir Ralph Richardson, as a millionaire aircraft manufacturer and ex-pilot, straight from the Priestley country, strides the film like a Colossus. He plays this solitary, abrupt, harsh but inwardly sensitive man without a fault and commands our attention every time he appears. Terence Rattigan has manifestly written the part for a great actor, and gets one.

Mandy

(*Gaumont, Haymarket*)

THE British film called *Mandy* is about the teaching of deaf-and-dumb children. The heroine, Amanda ("One who deserves to be loved"), is the only child of adoring parents. Mandy is such a bright baby in all other ways that they can't understand why she is so slow to speak. The anxious mother, watching her closely, finds that she doesn't respond to normal sounds and voices—calling, clapping—and that even the most violent noises don't appear to startle her. Gradually it is borne in upon the frightened parents that Mandy is stone-deaf, congenitally deaf, and will be dumb, too.

The child is kept at home, taught by a nursery governess, and surrounded by the most loving care, but she is nervous and unhappy. She suffers from the thoughtlessness of other children, who think her stupid, queer and selfish. She has fits of hysterical passion when she can't make herself understood. By the time she is seven years old it has become apparent to the mother that Mandy must be sent away to school; not to an ordinary school, but to an institution for deaf-and-dumb children. The father opposes the idea, and the parents separate. But Mandy goes to school.

At first she is desperately unhappy, but after a time, in the company of other afflicted children, and with the help of an inspired headmaster and an understanding staff, she loses her shyness. She learns to lip-read, and presently, through such devices as feeling the quiver of a balloon against the lips, puckering the lips to blow out a candle-flame, even to utter sounds and finally whole words. The triumph of pronouncing her own name, in a flat voice, certainly, but with perfect clearness, is the climax of the picture. There are other story-threads in *Mandy*, including a notably tedious and improbable misunderstanding between the parents on account of the mother's friendship with the headmaster, but the story of the child's training is the real thing.

Many of the scenes in the film were shot in the classrooms and grounds of the Royal Residential Schools for the Deaf, near the Old Trafford cricket ground. Well do I remember the mixture of awe and pride with which we, as "hearing" children in Manchester, used to regard that mysterious building. "The Deaf School" is plain and forbidding in appearance, but it is known throughout the world as a place of miracles. A number of the children in the film (though not all) are pupils of the school, and the drawings on the walls, the toys made, are all their handiwork.

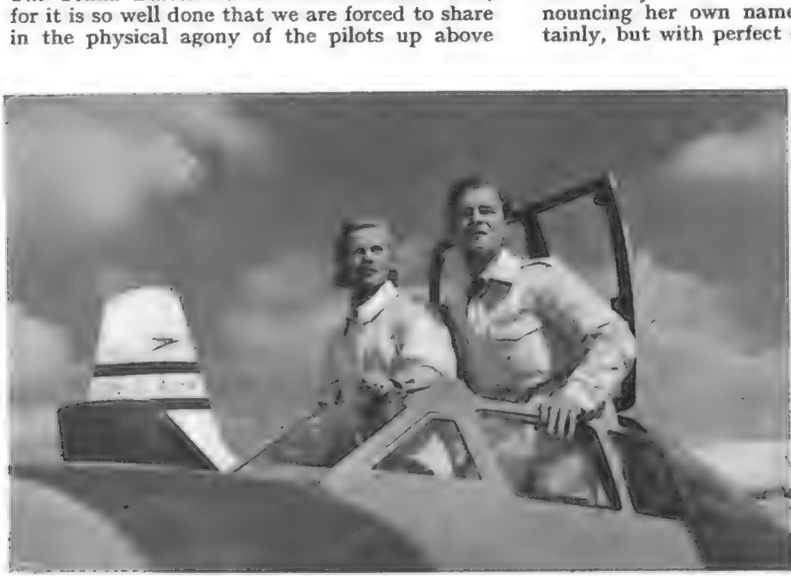
Seven-year-old Mandy Miller, who plays the heroine and her namesake, comports herself so admirably amongst these children, and gives such a perfect imitation of a deaf child struggling with speech, that it is almost impossible to believe that she can hear and speak as well as you or I can. Little Miss Miller has only appeared twice in films before—a tiny part in *The Man in the White Suit*, another tiny part in *I Believe in You*. She hasn't quite the wistful, wide-eyed charm of the small Margaret O'Brien, nor the dainty Goldilocks quality of the small Shirley Temple, but she is a nice, sturdy little person who obviously enjoys acting as a great game, an admirable mixture of sense and sensibility.

The usherettes behind me were sobbing unashamedly during *Mandy*, and I really couldn't blame them, being too busy myself fumbling in my bag to find a handkerchief. There are few things more touching to watch than children who don't realise they are touching, and the long silences in the film, broken by bursts of tentative sound, growing more articulate and vehement as confidence increases, are almost unendurably moving. *Mandy* is not a great film, but it is a good and honest one. The grown-ups in the piece, notably Phyllis Calvert as the mother, Jack Hawkins as the headmaster, and Nancy Price as an old and herself deaf teacher, are thoroughly sympathetic. I hope it will get the success it deserves.

First Communion

(*Academy*)

THE Italian film, *First Communion*, directed by Alessandro Blasetti (*Four Steps in the Clouds*) with the great Aldo Fabrizi (*Open City*, *Vivere in Pace*) in the leading part, is a rather sweet and simple comedy about the mislaying of a small girl's all-important dress on the morning of her First Communion. It tears about the streets of Rome with the free movement of an early Clair or Chaplin, and was only spoilt for me by the presence of too many sub-titles and an arch and rather peep-bo commentary, translated into the American idiom, and delivered in an uncompromising American voice.



THE SOUND BARRIER—the new jet age; Tony and Susan Garthwaite (Nigel Patrick and Ann Todd) have breakfasted in England and have a lunch appointment in Cairo.

MANDY. Miss Stockton (Dorothy Alison), with the aid of a candle, teaches Mandy (Mandy Miller) the lip movements which will eventually produce sounds and later words.

SULTRY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Mr. Stewart Granger has a crack at reviving the celluloid passion made famous by the late Mr. Rudolph Valentino ; here he is in a new version of Rafael Sabatini's *Scaramouche*, first made in 1923 with Ramon Navarro. He is voluptuously partnered by Eleanor Parker as Lenore in this lavish M.-G.-M. Technicolor production, due at the Empire on August 21.

Here we have the Press in "innocent" mood. *L. to r.*, Mr. Nutt of the *Daily Express*, Mr. Dixon (*Hansard*) and Mr. Golding, *Evening Standard*.

Lost in unaccustomed contemplation of a noble species are Mr. Hawkins, of the Sergeant-at-Arms Department; Mr. Life, Members' P.O.; and P.C.s Harris and Cannon.

Mixed cricket always gets a laugh. Miss Deason, a telephonist, bats with splendid party spirit.

Mr. Steward, the jolly host, is seen helping to clear away the plates after an enjoyable meal.

M.P.s were there to join in the fun with their indispensable staff. Mr. William Steward, M.P., Mr. W. J. Pusey and Sir Lionel Heald, Q.C., M.P.

PARLIAMENT'S STAFF RELAXES

Cricket, Croquet, Bowls and Pig Watching

These and other treats were laid on for the staff of the House of Commons when 130 of them were entertained at West Clandon by Mr. William Steward, Conservative M.P. for West Woolwich. The number and variety of jobs at the House are enormous; the revellers at West Clandon included the men and women who count the Members' votes, sort their mail, assist in the Speaker's and other offices and (men only) police the Commons.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by John Wiggins.

These genial chaps quietly playing croquet are some of the police officers attached to the House.

FAIR IS FOUL, AND FOUL IS FAIR

These spectres can be sure of having the blasted heath to themselves, and it is quite believable that Macbeth should be so hopelessly in their toils. For horror the three witches of the Old Vic Company, now touring South Africa, are well abreast of the times; their impact, intensified by our double-exposure photograph, has been enormously successful. Douglas Campbell plays Macbeth; Jan Bashford and Jane Wenham are the kneeling witches, and Paul Rogers, in the background, is the third witch.

After eight popular weeks of repertory at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, the entire Old Vic touring company were transported by air to Southern Rhodesia on July 26. After Salisbury, Bulawayo and Durban, the company are due to finish up at Capetown in September and return to the Waterloo Road in October.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE DARK ISLAND. By Henry Treece. (*Gollancz ; 12s. 6d.*)
NO SPORTSMAN AT ALL. By J. K. Stanford. (*Faber ; 18s.*)
THE TIGER IN THE SMOKE. By Margery Allingham. (*Chatto and Windus ; 12s. 6d.*)
THE FRIGHTENED DOVE. By Peter Hardin. (*Heinemann ; 10s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IT will be a pity if readers are discouraged by the puffs and promises on the dustwrapper of *The Dark Island*, by Henry Treece. I must confess that they were almost too much for me. To be told that the publication of a first novel is a "literary event," to be assured that the writer is a "distinguished poet," to read that Mr. Christopher Fry and others who have already read the book find it "breath-takingly actual," and above all to hear that it is "a story of life among the heathen Celtic tribes that once inhabited these islands"—all this seems to promise tedium. Not a bit of it. This is a fine novel, full of grace and guts, a story which most successfully brings to life the people of a dim and terrible epoch. It is told with vigour but without the verbose adornments which too often fringe the prose of novels of this kind. It is the story of Gwyndoc, a chieftain's son and the friend of Caratacus, the prince and afterwards king. We meet them first as small boys peering between the legs of the spectators at a human sacrifice at Stonehenge. We watch them grow up to struggle against the Romans and see a full-scale battle in which the discipline and superior weapons of Rome defeat the Britons. Gwyndoc's love-story is a simple one, very much in the tradition of the historical novel. His sufferings as a slave in captivity, his brief return to his wife and family, his vengeance on the woman who had betrayed his king are well described and his end is cruel and dramatic. Mr. Treece is content to relate all this without any ostentatious display of his knowledge of the period, which is almost impeccable. There are one or two anachronisms, however. It is permissible, I think, to make Caratacus say that he is "fed up," for the dialogue is perforce in modern idiom. But how can a Roman talk of "gypsy tricks" in A.D. 30, a thousand years and more before the first gypsies came to Europe? But that is hair-splitting criticism of a book which I would like very heartily to recommend.

ANOTHER book which, I must own, I approached gingerly is *No Sportsman At All*, by J. K. Stanford. This was not because of the title, which was clearly an ironic one, but because most reminiscences of men with very long memories who recall the stag-hunts or polo of their youth are interesting almost exclusively to other long-memoried men and women who have shared these or similar experiences. This is altogether different; a most entertaining piece of work even to such pitiable outsiders as myself, people who cannot hunt, do not wish to shoot and are bored by fishing. I was captivated in the first chapter by the author's references to the officials who had visited his farm. "They had covered me tenderly, like a babe in the wood, with application-forms for rabbit-wire and calf-nuts, pig-meal and hessian bags, draining-tiles and later with their issue, coupons. They had not let me plough or sow or kill a pig without their leave." A few pages later, he calls shooting a fellow-guest a "solecism," then pronounces an unaffected lament over the Sussex downs on which he had once seen Kipling walk and which are now "covered with rank grass in which lurked tins and cigarette packets and the unmentionable jetsam of urban holidays." Then he is away to tales of grouse-shooting in Cumberland, duck-shooting in Dumfriesshire, deer-stalking in the Cairngorms, fox-hunting in Devonshire, pheasant-shooting in Berkshire, fox-hunting again in Galway, snipe-shooting in Cork, hare-shooting on Salisbury Plain, stag-hunting on Exmoor, otter-hunting in Suffolk, and finally of Gun-Dog Trials in Sussex. All these he describes with relish, with an absence of pomposity or conceit, with chuckling good-humour, and with a story-teller's flair for piquant detail. For me he is almost the only writer about field sports who can make them consistently interesting. There is plenty of humour in his record, but his wit is delightfully offhand as though he scorned to laugh at his own jokes. One does not seem to read Mr. Stanford so much as have a drink with him.

WE have waited too long for a new Albert Campion novel from Miss Margery Allingham, but now that *The Tiger in the Smoke* is published it will disappoint none of that quiet and enigmatic detective's many fans, among whom I have long counted myself. It is true that Miss Allingham has a disconcerting habit of over-writing, or of trotting out pieces of distressing over-emphasis. "Queen Nefertiti in a Dior ensemble" is her introduction to a young woman, while her meteorological descriptions are scarcely less voluble. "The fog slipped over its low houses like a bucketful of cold soup over a row of dirty stoves." Still, one should not look for literary restraint in a particularly murderous thriller and Miss Allingham is adept at conveying atmosphere. Most of the action in this book takes place in the fog which she thus describes, and very frightening it becomes as she introduces creature after creature moving like monsters through the mean streets and alleyways of fogbound London. There is the band of street musicians, men with labels round their necks, one at least of them an idiot, a band which appears mysteriously wherever there is violence. There is the sinister little Mrs. Cash, whose contributions to charity were not quite spontaneous. "Her voice was like the rest of her, bright and bold and not very nice. It contained a jar in it as if a comb and paper somewhere entered into its production, and her teeth, which looked as if they were made of china, shone in false *bonhomie*." Above all there is the Tiger himself, the dangerous escaped convict Jack Havoc, who kills so purposefully and yet so easily and whose mysterious origins are known to only two people. Mr. Campion himself is as efficient and self-effacing as ever, and although the final climax is perhaps too foreseeable, indeed too inevitable, the whole thing is beautifully puzzling, frightening and improbable.

LESS of all three but just as readable is Mr. Peter Hardin's *The Frightened Dove*. A certain Italian resistance worker who has abandoned ambition to sit cross-legged in a New York tailoring establishment is roused from his lethargy by the news that a Fascist called Colombo, a man who had brought great suffering to him and his family, is due to arrive in America shortly. Ricci is persuaded by his well-to-do cousin secretly to meet Colombo on his arrival and follow him. He does so rather indecisively, unable to decide whether he wants revenge sufficiently to kill the man. His pursuit of the terrified Fascist to Canada, the very horrible murder of a kind woman and three other deaths make the meat of the book, which conveys panic, cruelty and deep mystery in breathless sequence. But there is, I think, a basic weakness here. The very plot, which keeps what is intended as a paralysing surprise till the last few pages, precludes the author from giving to it the natural realism which comes from the revelation of character. It is not merely that a murderer has to be concealed in the identity of an ordinary human being, for this, after all, is common to most detective novels. It is that none of the people who appear, pursuer or pursued, must be fairly introduced, explained or even looked at closely for fear lest the final denouement may miss fire. This destroys something of genuineness which even the raciest whodunit must contain but not the crossword bedevilment of the book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE IMAGE.
By Ann Faber. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

The delicately written love-story of Fanny Walters, a shy little steno-typist whose extreme sensitivity is the cause of her parting from, and reconciliation with, her man.

PORTRAIT OF ENGLAND.
By Laurence Thompson. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

A record of a journey across England and Wales to Durham interpreting the effect of the bloodless revolution of our own times.

JAMES BRAID.
By Bernard Darwin. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 12s. 6d.*)

The biography of the man who was probably the greatest of all professional golfers and to whose credit stands much of the present-day status of the golfing "pro."

CROSS SADDLE AND SIDE SADDLE.
By E. V. A. Christy. (*Hutchinson ; 18s.*)

A good, informative book on modern riding for men and women, well illustrated and adequately diagrammed.

CERNE ABBAS.
By Mary D. Jones. (*Allen and Unwin ; 10s. 6d.*)

Here is the story of a remote Dorset village through the ages—the prehistoric period exemplified by the pagan figure of the Giant of Cerne; the period of the Benedictine Monastery; and the period when the village had the chance of its own development.

THE APPLE TREE.
By Daphne du Maurier. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

A short novel and five stories in the one volume.

DANGEROUS TRADE. By G. Hackforth-Jones.
(*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

A story of the adventures of a submarine crew during certain days and nights in the Indian Ocean when both the enemy by sea and air, and the whole forces of nature were ranged against them.

YORKSHIRE IN PICTURES.
(*Odhams Press ; 12s. 6d.*)

A wide selection of pictures showing a great many facets of this largest of all the English counties, together with a fair amount of informative text. There is an introduction by the Earl of Harewood.

THE FRONTIERS.
By John Strachey. (*Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

Basically this is the story of the escape of a British airman from enemy territory. It was originally written during the war against the background of the author's experiences in a fighter squadron, and later as a public relations officer at the Air Ministry. For security reasons publication was withheld at the time.

MY RACING LIFE.
By Tommy Weston. (*Hutchinson ; 18s.*)

Tommy Weston retired from the saddle at the end of the 1949 flat-racing season and here recalls numerous events which made racing history from 1921 with which he was intimately concerned.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by

Norah Owen

TIME FOR BEAUTY

Decorative and luxurious is this housecoat in ice-blue French brocade —and perfect for wearing at our dressing-tables. With a pale design of flowers, it buttons to one side, or the neck may be worn open with a wide revers. Slim and shining, it is extravagant-looking in its fabric, but simple in its lines. Perfect choice for a trousseau, it is found with a collection of very lovely lingerie, at Delgare, 9, Grosvenor Street, and costs 32 gns.

THE long days of summer grow shorter, the evening sunshine is a mellow gold, the leaves fade, fruit ripens on the trees, and we move slowly into autumn. Now is the time, before autumn brings us into winter, before the cold winds blow—now is the time, while the sun still shines, to capture and retain the beauty that has increased during the golden summer days.

Now is the time to banish the imperfections that summer may have caused. Too much sun, too much wind, too many late nights, too many hours in the open-air, all leave their traces. A fading tan or patchy sunburn, a wind-dried skin, dry hair and brittle nails are ill-effects of summer that we all know too well, and can overcome with patience and enough time.

Time for Beauty—now, perhaps, between seasons, with days in the country, holidays, a little leisure at our disposal, we can find the time for Beauty. We must find the time to cherish and increase a glowing beauty of skin and hair and eyes, to discover and present a line of body that is young and vital.

Time for Beauty—a new beauty to face the strain of winter weather. Time, well-spent time, to attain a loveliness of face and figure, to attain a loveliness that will last, a summer loveliness that will survive the winds of winter.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

(Continued overleaf.)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Time for Beauty

YOUR SKIN

The chief skin problem at the end of summer-time is dry skin caused by sun and wind. For the young, average skin that is suffering from this trouble, Yardley have an excellent Night Cream that is light and soft in use, but rich and penetrating, and will prevent wrinkles and a parched and flaky look. Night Cream costs 7s. 3d.

For the older skin that needs the bloom of youth to be restored to it, Elizabeth Arden's Special Hormone Cream will do wonderful work in bringing back natural colour and a smooth suppleness to the skin. The Hormone Cream costs 27s. 6d. and 47s. 6d.

A preparation that replaces the natural moisture in sensitive or dry skins, and should be used by most women over thirty, is produced by Charles of the Ritz, and is made both as a cream and a lotion, and can be used either when you are sleeping or during the day under make-up. It should be used very sparingly. A quantity of cream, no larger than a match-head, is enough for the entire face, and two or three drops of lotion are adequate for one application. Revenescence Cream costs 23s., and the lotion 34s. 6d.

Another treatment which will give a transformation to the skin, giving a firmness to contours and a new youthful glow, is a Mask, F.M.29, made by Maria Hornes. This Mask is an essential skin food that is absorbed deep into the tissues, tones up the muscles and stimulates the circulation, and its results show very quickly. This treatment may be given in Maria Hornes' Salon in Davies Street, or you may give it to yourself at home. A box of F.M.29, sufficient for nine treatments, costs 5 gns.

YOUR EYES

This year, even those of you who have not been south for your holidays have had long hours of sunshine in this country, and many of you will be suffering from tired or aching eyes. For these people Elizabeth Arden's Eye Lotion is a wonderful boon. Bathe the eyes frequently, or rest under compresses soaked in the Eye Lotion. The sun's glare also causes fine wrinkles round the eyes, and for these, Arden's Special Eye Cream should be smoothed gently round the eyes. Patted in gently, this should be left on for about fifteen minutes, but not overnight. The Eye Lotion costs 6s. 1d. and 14s. 1d., and the Eye Cream 9s. 2d.

Another rich, emollient Eye Cream is made by Charles of the Ritz, and sells at 10s. 8d. This should be used in conjunction with the Charles of the Ritz Eye Lotion, selling at 4s. 3d.

Below: Lovely in lingerie from Dickins and Jones, she wears a blue and white-striped nylon nightdress and négligée, with frills and puff sleeves. The nightdress costs £4 10s. 6d., the négligée £7 10s.

YOUR NAILS

Nails are a tell-tale feature of your hands, and give vital evidence of your life and personality. The evidence they often give is depressing to say the least of it. Outdoor life in summer—sailing, gardening, sea-water and even lazy days in the sun—can do damage which needs a swift remedy. The remedy is careful, constant care, and to get nails into trim once more Revlon have produced their Treatment Trio.

This contains a jar of Nail Cream, a bottle of Prolon (base coat) and a bottle of Nail Enamel in a pale shade, to use until you want your nails to be more conspicuous. Nail Cream is a rich emollient cream, designed to promote nail growth and overcome brittle or splitting nails. As well as this, it smooths and softens the cuticles.

Prolon acts as a priming coat before nail enamel is applied, thus smoothing out surface irregularities and forming an additional coat of protection to the nail. This is particularly good for weak, fragile nails.

Many women whose hands are exposed to harsh treatment do not realise that they need to protect them with a film of Nail Enamel. This gives your fingertips a groomed and finished look, which adds expression to your hands.

This Treatment Trio sells at 14s.

YOUR HAIR

Hair that has been exposed to strong sunlight and large over-doses of salt-water rapidly becomes dry and unmanageable. For this condition Steiner has produced his special preparation "Sebosyn," a cream to be massaged into the hair after washing, and brushed with a clean, sterilised brush. Apart from nourishing the hair, "Sebosyn" maintains a style between sets, and is such an ideal dressing for hair that it is liable to be stolen by the men in one's family. It sells at 6s. and 10s.

Foundation for Beauty

YOUR FIGURE

There are still many women who are lucky enough to be able to go to their own corsetière to have their foundation garments made for them. This seems to some an extravagant step, but it does pay dividends. However, for the far larger number of women who cannot afford this luxury, it is increasingly difficult to improve on the branded foundation, if it is intelligently bought.

The first thing to realise is that it is quite useless to buy a foundation and have it altered. It is designed functionally, with considerable artistic skill and anatomical knowledge, and even a small dart or tuck will ruin the whole balance of the garment.

Many women go into a store, guess their size, take some foundation garments home to try them on, and after a struggle in their own bedroom, decide to keep the one which seems to them to " do." They find very soon that it certainly does very little for their figure, and they damn that particular brand of foundation, and go off to seek another.

The only satisfactory way to buy a foundation is to find the fitter, and follow her guidance. The foundation garment should be fitted over one's skin, as it has to follow every wrinkle and idiosyncrasy of one's body, and layers of wool and folds of silk can spoil the fit. It is foolish to let modesty ruin one's whole figure.

Nearly all the large department stores in the country have trained fitters, whose job it is to measure you, diagnose your figure-type, show you and fit you with the foundation garment which has been expressly made for just your figure-type.

There is now such an enormously large range of branded foundations to choose from that it is so silly, and often so uncomfortable, and so bad for one's figure to rely on guess work, in buying such an important garment. No one would buy a pair of shoes without trying them on. Just as much care should be taken in the fitting of one's foundation.

The news of nylon is ever-changing, and since we first welcomed it as something strong and easy to launder, it has developed a loveliness that lends itself to lingerie. Pretty to wear and easily packable is Kayser Bondor's nylon chiffon nightdress. With a self-stripe, ruched waist, frilled skirt and little cap sleeves, it sells at £3 17s. 6d., at Selfridges.

Always a favourite with the young, and growing increasingly popular among a wide circle of active women is the Pantee Girdle. Ideal with slacks and sports clothes, when worn as a pantee, with its attachable suspenders it gives a smooth, free line under ordinary clothes. The one seen here (*left*) has an elastic net back and front of elastic satin, and detachable lining. In three sizes—small, medium and large—made by Berlei, it sells at £3 0s. 3d., at Marshall and Snelgrove. The brassière is Berlei's Hollywood Maxwell, which gives the bust emphasis which has been shown as a new line by the London Couturiers in their Autumn Collections. In nylon and net, with cross ribbon design, it is made in small, junior and medium cup fittings, and in white, pink and black. It, too, will be found at Marshall and Snelgrove, at the price of 19s. 6d.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Left :
For strapless beach and evening dresses, Gossard make this basque with feather-light boning, adjustable elastic back and net-frilled edge. It can be worn with or without a girdle, and is cool and supple in white or peach nylon, and later will be obtainable in black. In a range of sizes it is obtainable at Dickins and Jones, price £1 18s. 3d.

Below :
For the woman who prefers a brassiere and girdle, Roussel have made a nylon net hip belt with a nylon front panel, and strong seams. This is light and firm and costs £5 10s. Roussel's brassiere, in hand-embroidered lace, with strong uplifting lines, costs £4 9s. Roussel have branches in Regent Street, Bond Street and many provincial cities.

FOUNDATION FOR BEAUTY

Below :
Warner Brothers have designed a new girdle which does a very great deal to lift tummy muscles which have become inclined to sag. Any potential bulge is drawn in and upwards, by arrow reinforcements of double lastex in the nylon taffeta. The back panel is made of satin lastex, the front backed by floating bones. This girdle can be found at Givans, Bond Street, for £3 13s. 6d. The brassiere is not a specific branded one, but is typical of many of the excellent strapless ones to be found. They do need the most careful fitting.

Above :
Younger women sometimes fight shy of a corselette, but for a slim, smooth, unbroken line, with no bulges or spare tyres, there is nothing like it. It is, however, essentially a foundation garment which needs the most careful fitting, or it can be uncomfortable to wear and do damage to one's figure. J.B. present a lovely corselette from their Dual-Stretch range, which is a semi-step-in, fastening at the side with a zip and hooks and eyes. There is a controlling front panel, and specially shaped sections of Leno elastic stretched diagonally over the diaphragm. This gives the smooth, flat line which was a note in many of the London Couture collections. The brassiere section is centre fagotted and made of needle-run net. The corselette is fitted with six suspenders, and is made in sizes 34 ins. to 44 ins., this being an excellent foundation for the heavier figure. Found at Marshall and Snelgrove, where it will be fitted with great care, it costs £5 7s. 10d.

ELEGANT

ECONOMY

A warm and comfortable housecoat to snuggle into and relax in is an invaluable discovery. Estrava's wrap-over dressing-gown, in a soft mixture of wool with worsted, in shades of cherry, royal and sky blue, is such a find. Revers and sleeves are piped with white silk, there is a white heraldic design on the breast pocket, and white silk fringes the sash. Ideal for packing, easy to wear, and youthful in line, it is found at Fenwick's, Bond Street, and sells at only 5½ gns.

A SHOPPING TREASURE HUNT

By Susan Carr

I HAVE never been very clever at arranging flowers—perhaps I lack the patience—but now that I have found a white plastic foam-like material which holds flowers firmly in position my results are far and away better than anything I had thought I was capable of. "Florapak" comes in a large block from which you cut a piece with a sharp knife to suit the size and shape of your container, you then soak this piece thoroughly in water and press it firmly into the container. Finally, just push the stems of the flowers in where you will and they will stay in place. The "Florapak" should be kept thoroughly moist, but there need not be any water left on top of it, so that there is none to spill. I find "Florapak" is invaluable for shallow dishes or bowls which I have never before been able to use satisfactorily for flowers.

* * *

Just before departing for our holiday my husband bought himself a pair of nylon boxer trunks. They dried so quickly after bathing that they quite converted him to nylon. They can be bought, complete in plastic envelope, in black, royal blue or wine red.

* * *

Also in time for the holidays I found a new type of sand bucket for the children. It is made entirely of rubber in bright rainbow colours and has many advantages over the metal variety. It can be folded for packing, is practically indestructible and has no dangerous sharp edges.

* * *

A hairbrush for men which I gave my husband for his birthday can actually be boiled! This brush has a detachable rubber cushion with almost indestructible yet flexible ball-point nylon pins. It is designed as a complete hair-treatment for men, as the vibratory action of the nylon pins keeps the blood circulating in and around the scalp—the real secret of hair health. I noticed that there are also three models for women by the same makers: the "Junior," the "Minor," an ideal brush for small girls, and the "Tangle-Brush," which can be carried in the handbag and used effectively as either brush or comb. All have detachable rubber cushions that can be washed in boiling water.

* * *

At any time of the year a mop that cuts polishing time by half is worth having. The mop I have just discovered has a patent ball-bearing head which automatically turns round by its own momentum when you use it, and you get a circular polishing motion—the action behind all good polishing—while expending very little energy yourself. The "Roto-mop" swivels round furniture legs and brings out the dust from all the inaccessible places. A spin of the mop head releases the dust it has absorbed, and it is instantly detachable for washing. Another advantage is that it is very light to use. It is finished in green cellulose.

* * *

If you enjoy having your drinks really cold but dislike the inevitable dilution caused by melting ice you will be pleased to hear about "Klink." These cubes are placed in the ice-box of the refrigerator until frozen, when they can be used like ordinary pieces of ice. The ice is contained in a cube made from one of the new plastic materials and they may be used and re-used indefinitely. They have numerous advantages over the normal ice-cube and don't dilute cocktails and other drinks. The plastic covering enables you to use them safely in a shaker—unlike a glass variety I came across before the war that were so fragile they might well have produced a Borgia cocktail!

* * *

My August tail-piece will not, I hope, be too late for the picnic season. It is a device which ensures that the tea or coffee in your Thermos flask is really hot when you pour it out. It is a special adjustable expanding stopper which fits almost any kind of Thermos and ensures a perfect seal.

How much it costs and where to find it

"Florapak: 4s. per large packet from most florists. Nylon boxer Trunks: 63s. at Simpson's, Piccadilly. Children's rubber bucket: 5s. 3d. at Marshall and Snelgrove. Hairbrushes: "Denman" massage and shampoo brush for men, 12s. 6d.; Junior model, 15s. 6d., "Minor," 9s. 3d.; "Tangle-Brush," 4s. 9d., at Selfridges and Boots. "Rotomop": 18s. 9d. for standard model at Harrods and other stores. "Klink" plastic ice-cubes: 10s. 6d. per box of six cubes at Selfridges, Gamages, and Bentalls of Kingston. "Seal-a-Vac" Thermos stopper: 2s. at the Civil Service Stores, hardware shops, etc

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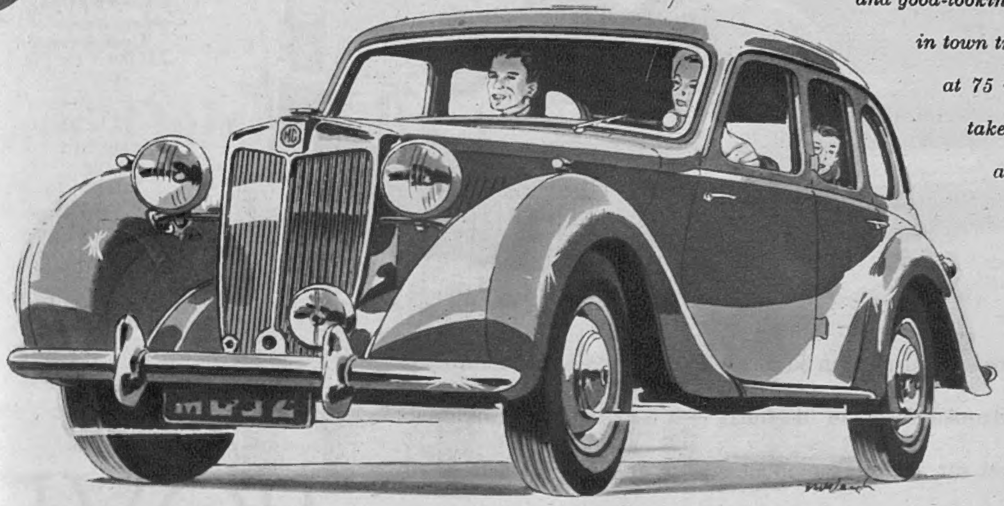

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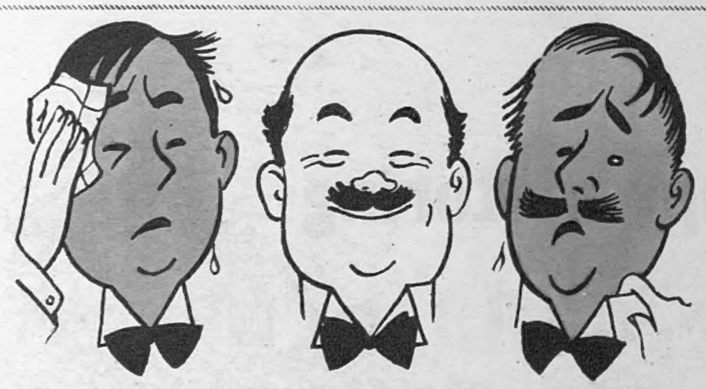

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IF MY
la nageuse, en traversant
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la Manche, avait consommé
THE CHANNEL, HAD CONSUMED
plus de Dubonnet et moins
MORE DUBONNET AND LESS
d'eau de mer, elle serait
SEA WATER, SHE WOULD
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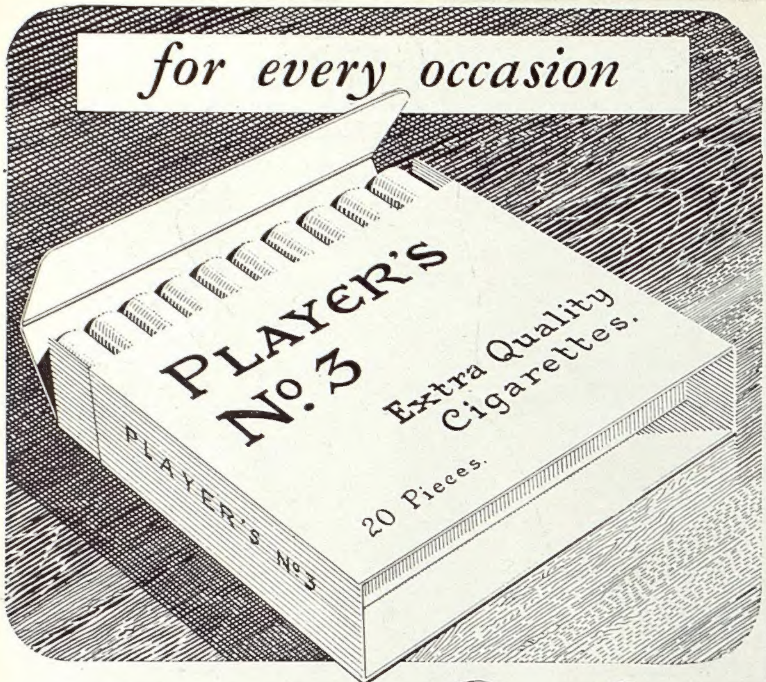

PLAYER'S
No. 3

The Quality Cigarette

[3P 111B]

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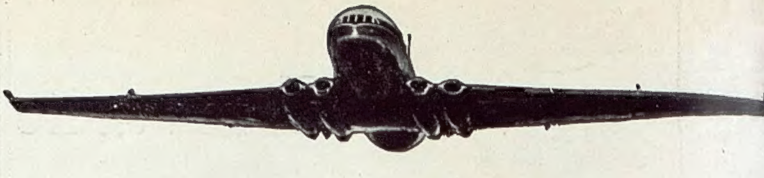

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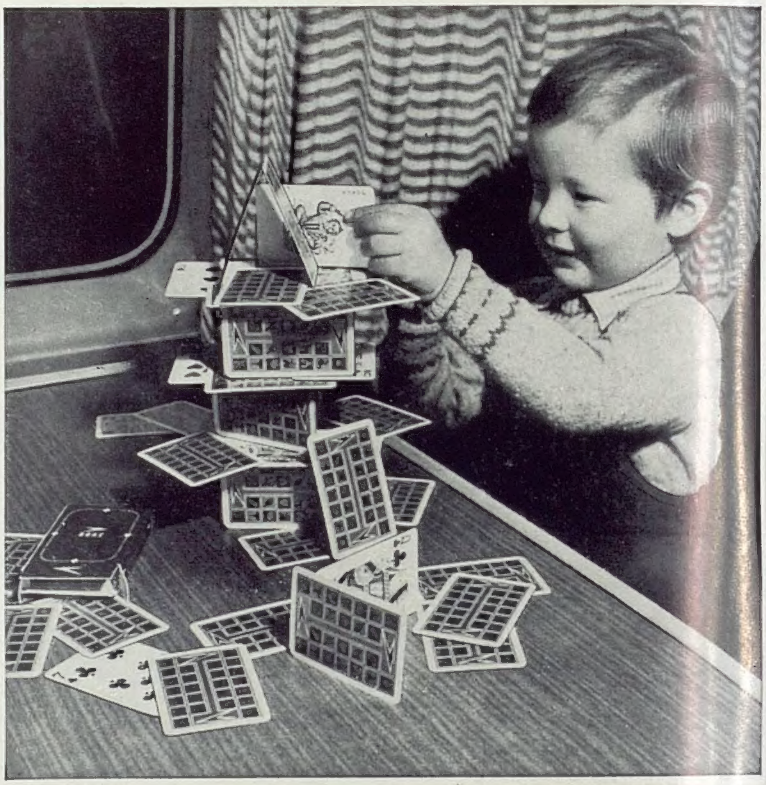
and no vibration



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